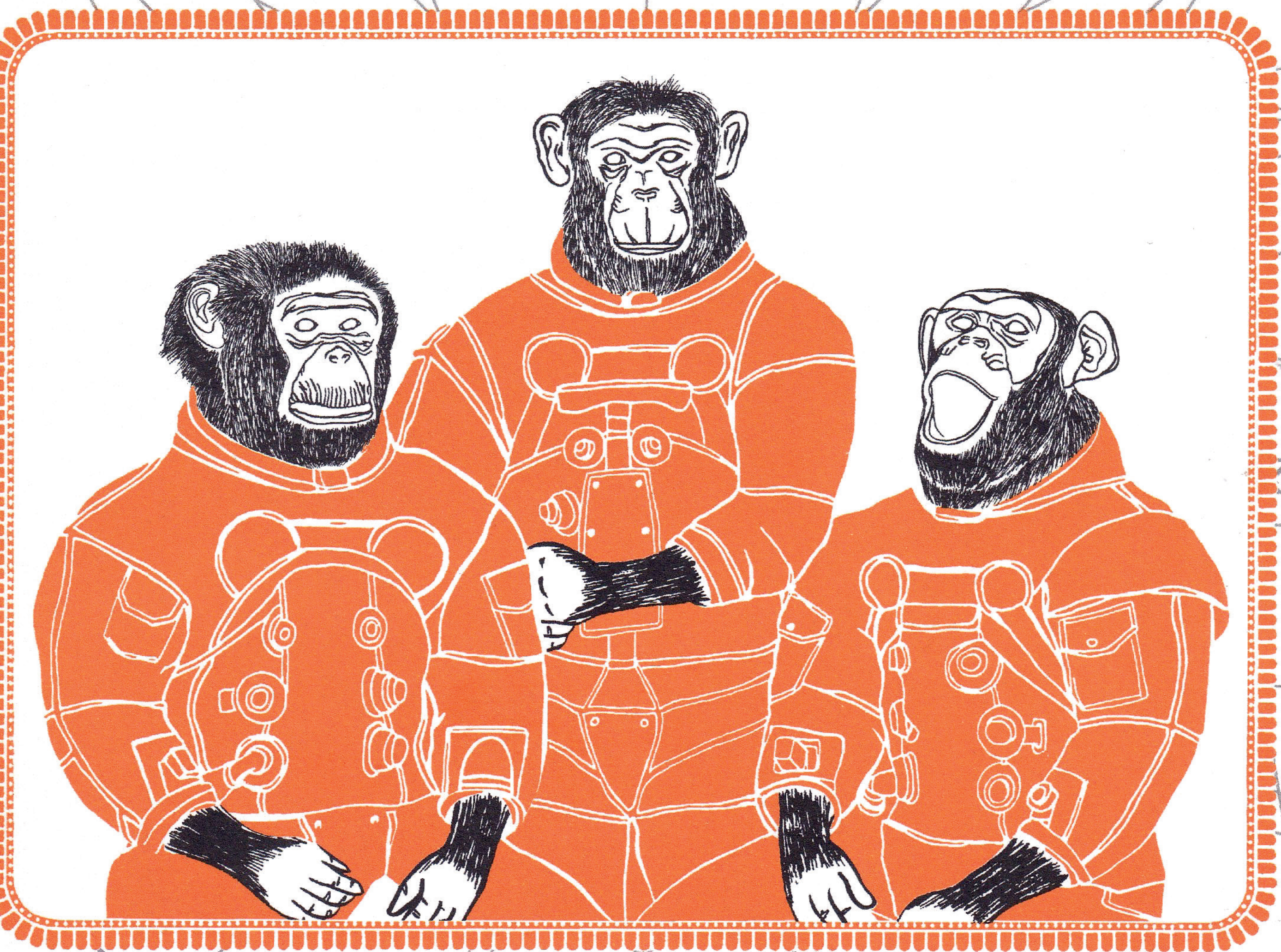
INGUINE MAH!GAZINE #9



ALLAN ANTLIFF & GIANLUCA COSTANTINI
FELIPE H. CAVA & MONIQUE BROUILLARD
HANNES PASQUALINI * MAJA VESELINOVIC
NICOLE SCHULMAN
PAPER RESISTANCE * WOSTOK

FERNANDEL


THIS SUMMER
THE *REAL* TERRORISTS
ARE COMING BACK
TO TOWN......
...AND THEY'RE
HAVING A
CONVENTION!
NS
STOP THE REPUBLICANS!
PROTEST THE CONVENTION AUGUST 29 TO SEPTEMBER 2
INFO: WWW.COUNTERCONVENTION.ORG, WWW.RNCNOTWELCOME.ORG



intro

di/by **Elettra Stamboulis**

PRIMATI NELLO SPAZIO

Incontrare è fondamentale,
noi siamo interamente determinati
non da ciò che siamo,
ma da ciò che incontriamo.
ALAIN BADIOU

"Esistono gli alieni?", mi chiede uno studente. "Non li ho mai incontrati", esordisco.
Come rispondere senza perdere il principio di verità? L'unica possibilità è evidenziare il proprio senso del limite e denunciare la propria ignoranza. "Non lo so, questa è la risposta". "Ma lo possiamo ipotizzare?". Certo, forse. Scruto intorno alla ricerca del coraggio di trovare le parole, i giusti termini per indicare che forse sono stati tra noi e non ce ne siamo accorti.
I primati hanno vestito le tute aerospaziali e sono partiti a zonzo nell'universo per trovare forme di vita intelligenti. Giunti sul pianeta terra hanno trovato macerie di perdute civiltà che si sono alimentate di religioni creative, piene di storie, che si sono tramutate nel corso del tempo in una serie di divieti alimentari e sessuali. Stupiti, non si sono dati per vinti: continuando nelle peregrinazioni hanno incontrato vecchi dittatori che inneggiavano in catene alla propria autorità perduta, soldati grondanti di sudore che ascoltavano musica impazzita in un deserto che ribolliva di una schifosa sostanza nera, scatole che trasmettevano immagini in molte lingue, innegabilmente tutte uguali. Una noia mortale.
Dov'è il coraggio e l'audacia di cui avevano saputo dai canti antichi giunti al loro pianeta? In essi si inneggiava ad una giovinezza che diveniva il momento dell'abbandono delle radici e diveniva il primo motore della partenza, del viaggio, del nuovo. Invece i nostri poveri primati spaziali hanno incontrato solo pargoli cresciuti in case asfissianti che li tenevano legati come catene trasparenti a sé. Facevano strane file in grandi luoghi di acquisto, pieni di sacchetti colmi di cose inutili e dai loro portafogli fuoriuscivano collane di carte di credito. Il viaggio dei primati è diventato veramente noioso quando hanno assistito in una camera di motel ubicata accanto ad una multisala ad un dibattito televisivo politico. Ci hanno provato, ma il senso di vacuità e la mancanza di felicità e di sogno che hanno intravisto li hanno fatti veramente deprimere. Il sapore dei cornflakes all'olio di palma si è attaccato al loro palato secco dallo stupore. E sono partiti senza dare notizia di sé.
Questo non lo posso raccontare ai miei studenti. Non posso recidere sul nascere l'ipotesi, teoricamente plausibile, di un extraterrestre che con il suo sguardo ci faccia presumere di costituire una forma intelligente di vita nello spazio. "Forse ci sono, ma io non lo so". È duro riconoscere la propria insipienza. La verità è che a volte ho incontrato storie che sembrano guardarci con gli occhi dei primati venuti dallo spazio.
In questo numero ce ne sono diverse.

PRIMATES IN SPACE

To meet is fundamental,
we are not entirely determined
by what we are,
but by what we meet.
ALAIN BADIOU

"Do aliens exist?", I have been asked by one of my students. "I have never met them", I answered right away. How can I answer without losing the principle of truth? The only way is to highlight our own sense of limits and acknowledge our ignorance. "I don't know, this is the answer". "But can we accept it as probable?" Of course we can, well, maybe. I try to find the courage to look for the right words, the right expression to indicate that maybe they've been with us and we did not realize it.
Primates who put on space suits and wandered around the universe in the search for intelligent life. When they reached the earth, they found a junk of lost cultures grounded on creative religions, full of stories that finally turned into a series of prohibitions concerning sex and food.
They were astonished, and yet they didn't give up: they kept wandering, and met ancient dictators in chains, singing hymns to their lost power, sweat-dripping soldiers listening to crazy music in a desert boiling with rotten black stuff, boxes transmitting images in many languages, undeniably identical. Boring to death.
Where was the bravery and the courage they heard of in the ancient songs that had reached their planet? They praised a youth abandoning roots and turning into the first engine of a start, of traveling, of everything new.
Instead of that our poor primates met children growing up in suffocating houses, tied with transparent chains. People queuing in strange shopping malls, full of bags filled with useless things and purses loaded with garlands of credit cards. The travel of the primates became definitely boring when they saw a political debate on tv, from a motel room near a multiplex cinema.
They tried hard, but the sense of extreme vacuity and the lack of happiness and dream that they sensed really made them miserable. The taste of palm-oil cornflakes stuck on their palate, dried with astonishment. And they left, without showing themselves.
I just can't tell this to my students. I can not choke the theoretically plausible idea of an alien looking at us, whose gaze makes us presume a form of intelligent life in space. "Maybe they do exist, but I don't know". It's hard to acknowledge your own ignorance. Truth is that it has occurred to me to meet stories that kind of looked over to us with the same gaze of primates from space.
In this issue you will find a few.

contenuti

intro illustrazione: **Lazzaro**

Wostok non è il nome di una vodka serba, ma lo pseudonimo di un disegnatore, poco conosciuto in Italia, ma ben noto nel suo Paese, e anche in altri paesi europei. Per gli appassionati: vi ricordate la copertina del primo Stripburek, con un uomo vestito in abiti tradizionali sulla luna? Bene, era proprio del nostro. Abbiamo pensato che fosse un peccato che la sua verve dissacratoria direttamente proveniente dal profondo underground balcanico non fosse nota anche in Italia. Così abbiamo deciso di pubblicare questa storia, non proprio nuovissima, ma che ci aveva divertito molto.
Lo abbiamo anche incontrato alcuni anni fa al festival di Pancevo GRRR! Presentava in diretta al pubblico un suo cortometraggio, in cui comparivano Zagor e il suo aiutante che combattevano contro gli indiani sniffacolla. Tutto era ambientato nel cortile del suo giardino e gli attori erano vicini di casa, il padre e lo stesso regista: visto che il cortometraggio non era poi tanto corto ed era soprattutto in serbo, la visione era velocizzata e sottotitolata dal vivo dallo stesso Wostok...l'effetto era una sorta di b-movie in cui Franco e Ciccio in versione serba venivano tradotti in inglese da Ollio... è inutile dire che è stata una visione indimenticabile.

di Elettra Stamboulis

un'intervista con / an interview with WOSTOK

• Wostok, chi sei? Vuoi presentarti...
• Sono un curatore, editore di fanzine, disegnatore, regista di trash film, lavoratore manuale, baby sitter, sognatore e fannullone della città di Vrsac nel nord della Serbia.

• Raccontaci qualcosa del tuo lavoro: pubblichi direttamente i tuoi fumetti o pubblichi anche mediante editore? Cosa ci dici in generale sull'editoria in Yugoslavia?
• Pubblico i miei lavori direttamente quando ce la faccio, altre volte con un editore. I miei lavori sono stati pubblicati su libri di lusso, riviste letterarie ma anche su numerose Xerox zines. Devo confessare che per me la piena libertà di espressione è molto più importante dell'aspetto esteriore delle pubblicazioni in cui compaio.

• I tuoi lavori sono spesso sarcastici e in un certo senso i protagonisti sono eccessivi, le storie non sono realistiche, ma una distorsione della realtà. Sei d'accordo con questa interpretazione? Come può essere definito il tuo lavoro?
• Sì, concordo con la tua interpretazione, soprattutto quando dici che le mie storie sono di fatto spesso "una distorsione della realtà". Io penso che quello che vediamo come realtà nella vita di tutti i giorni è così deformato e lontano dalla verità, che l'unico mezzo attraverso cui noi possiamo giungere più vicini alla verità è di distorcere e capovolgere al massimo la nostra visione, allora, quando tutto diventa assurdo, stupido e buffo forse possiamo vedere la reale verità nascosta dietro il muro dell'illusione quotidiana.

• Hai scritto in una mail che uno dei tuoi libri preferiti è *Kaputt*, di Curzio Malaparte. Sono rimasta colpita da ciò, visto che questo libro non è poi così famoso neanche in Italia. La cultura italiana e la letteratura hanno un posto importante nella tua vita? In generale, mi sembra che nell'Ex Jugoslavia siete stati molto toccati dalla cultura italiana. È vero anche ora o è un fatto del passato?
• Sì, ho trovato *Kaputt* uno dei libri più impressionanti tra quelli che ho letto in molti anni. Mi piace quella mistura di Malaparte di fatti, realtà, sogni e strane visioni. Per me *Kaputt*

• Wostok: who are you? May you present yourself...
• I am an underground cartoonist, fanzine publisher and editor, trash film maker, manual worker, baby sitter, dreamer and idlener from city of Vrsac in northern Serbia.

• What about your work: are you publishing directly your comics or are you publishing also with a publisher? And, what about in general about publishing in yugoslavia.
• I publish my work as i manage at the time, sometimes by publisher and sometimes by myself. I have published my comics from luxury books and literature magazines to numerous xerox zines. I have to admit that to me complete freedom of expression is much more important than outside look of publication in which I am published.

• Your works are often sarcastic and somehow characters have eccess and the stories are not realistical but in a certain way a distorsion of reality. Do you agree with this interpretation? How do you feel that your work could be defined.
• Yes, I agree with your interpretation, especially when you say that my stories are often actually "a distortion of reality". I think that what we see as a reality of our everyday life is that much deformed and so far away from truth that the only way left for us to come closer to the truth is to maximaly ditort and twist our vision and then, when everything become completely absurd, stupid and funny maybe we shall se the real truth hidden behind the wall of everyday illusion.

• You wrote in an email that one of your favorite books is *Kaputt*, of Curzio Malaparte. I was struck by this, as far as this book it's not so famous even in italy. Is italian culture and literature having a big interest in your life? In general, I feel as in Jugoslavia you were quite interested by italian culture. Is it true also now or only in the past?
• Yes, I find *Kaputt* one of the most impressive books I have read in many years. I like that malapartes very personal mixture of facts, reality, dreams, feelings and strange visions. To me *Kaputt* tells more about second world war than any other

dice molto di più sulla Seconda Guerra Mondiale di altri libri basati esclusivamente sui fatti. Sì, la cultura italiana ha avuto un grosso impatto sulle culture della ex Jugoslavia. Saresti sorpresa nello scoprire quanto *Alan Ford* ha influito sui nostri fumetti, film, musica rock, teatro... praticamente su tutti i campi della cultura!

• E ora, dicci qualcosa su questa storia. Chi è il protagonista? Che tipo di personaggio rappresenta?

• Questa storia è stata originariamente scritta da Nabor Devolac, uno scrittore, attore, musicista underground e artista sperimentale della mia cittadina. Il protagonista *Stojan* è un tipico personaggio originario delle montagne dei Balcani a prescindere dalla sua nazionalità. Rappresenta un uomo agli estremi totali! È assolutamente buono e assolutamente cattivo, con se stesso o la gente, infantile, bizzarro, divertente... e a volte pericoloso!

• So che hai realizzato alcuni cortometraggi. Ci dici qualcosa di queste produzioni...

• Dal 1997 al 2001 ho ripreso circa 40 cortometraggi "low fi". Molti personaggi strani e lunatici del mio paese hanno preso parte a questi film sperimentali.

• Vivi in un piccolo paese, come Zograf. È una scelta, un problema o solo un caso?

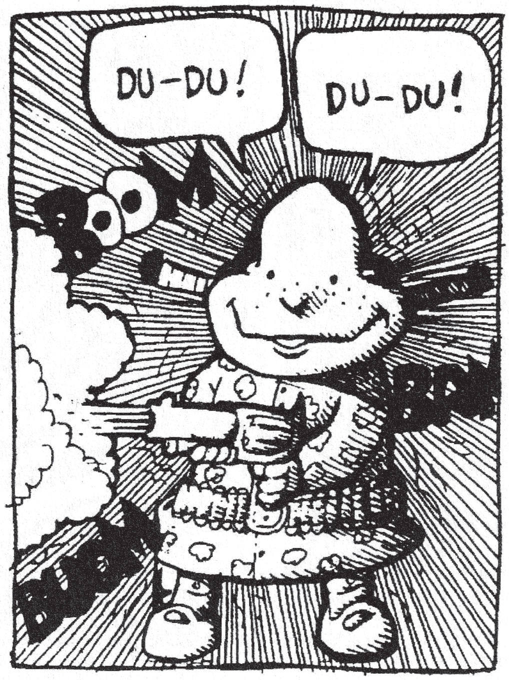
• Una volta ho detto che "Sono nato, vivo e vivrò tutta la mia vita sicuramente a Vrsac!". Una cittadina piccola, ma interessante in cui esiste il più grande ospedale psichiatrico del nostro Paese. È semplicemente impossibile vivere in questa città e non notare tutti gli strani personaggi che girano nel parco, alla fermata dell'autobus, o nel centro della città. Trovo questa ambientazione di grande ispirazione per un artista sperimentale come me.

• Ma, anche se vivi in questa piccola città, stai sempre producendo qualcosa e trovi sempre storie da raccontare. Ci puoi dire qualcosa dei tuoi progetti futuri?

• Credo di essermi tirato indietro un po' troppo fino ad adesso. Ora sto cercando di comunicare il mio lavoro molto più di prima.

•Un'ultima domanda: se tu fossi un editore, con un pacco di soldi che vuoi spendere, che fumetti ti piacerebbe pubblicare in Serbia?

• Sai, negli ultimi decenni ho tenuto un mucchio di workshop di fumetto con molti appassionati: partecipavano bambini, ragazzi, nonne, ecc. Ho compreso che molti di questi outsiders hanno uno spirito molto più fresco e sperimentale dei fumettisti di professione! Mi piacerebbe pubblicare una selezione di questi "fumettisti naif"!



books based on pure facts. Yes,italian culture has a huge impact on the cultures of "ex yugoslavian" nations and countries. You would be surprised to see how much, for an example, *Alan Ford* influenced our comics, movies, rock music, theatre... almost all fields of culture!

• And now let's say something about this story. Who is the main character? What kind of person is he rapresenting?

• This story was originally written by Nabor Devolac, an underground writer, musician, actor and experimental artist from my hometown. The main character "Stojan" is an average native from balkan mountains regardless of his nationality. He is representing a men of total exteremes! He is extremly good or extremly bad to other people or himself, childish, bizarre, funny... and dangerous sometimes!

• I know that you have made also short movies. May you say us something about these production...

• From year 1997. To the year 2001. I have pictured cca 40 "low fi" movies, many strange characters and lunatics from my hometown took their part in those experimental films.

• You live in a small town, as Zograf. Is this a choice, a problem or just a case?

• Once I said that "I was born, live my whole life and will for sure day in Vrsac!". A small, but interesting town in which the largest mental hospital in our country is placed. It simply impossible to live in this town and not to notice all the weird characters hanging in the park, the bus station or centre of te town. I find that surounding very inspiring for an experimental artist as me.

• ...but, even if you stay in this small town you are always producing something and finding storie sto tell. Can you tell us about your future projects?

• I think maybe I was withdrawn a littlebit too much. now I am trying to communicate with my work much more than before.

• And a last question: if you were a publisher, with a lot of money you want just to spend, which comics books you would like to publish in serbia?

• You know in the last decade I kept a lot of comic workshops in which a lot of complete amateurs: children, young people, grannies, etc, participated. I realised that many of these "outsiders" have more fresh and experimental spirit than most of comic professionals! I would like to publish selected works of these "naive cartoonists".

IL CANE E' IL MIGLIOR AMICO DELL'UOMO

Basato su una storia di: **Nabor Devolac** * Testo e disegni di: **Wostok**

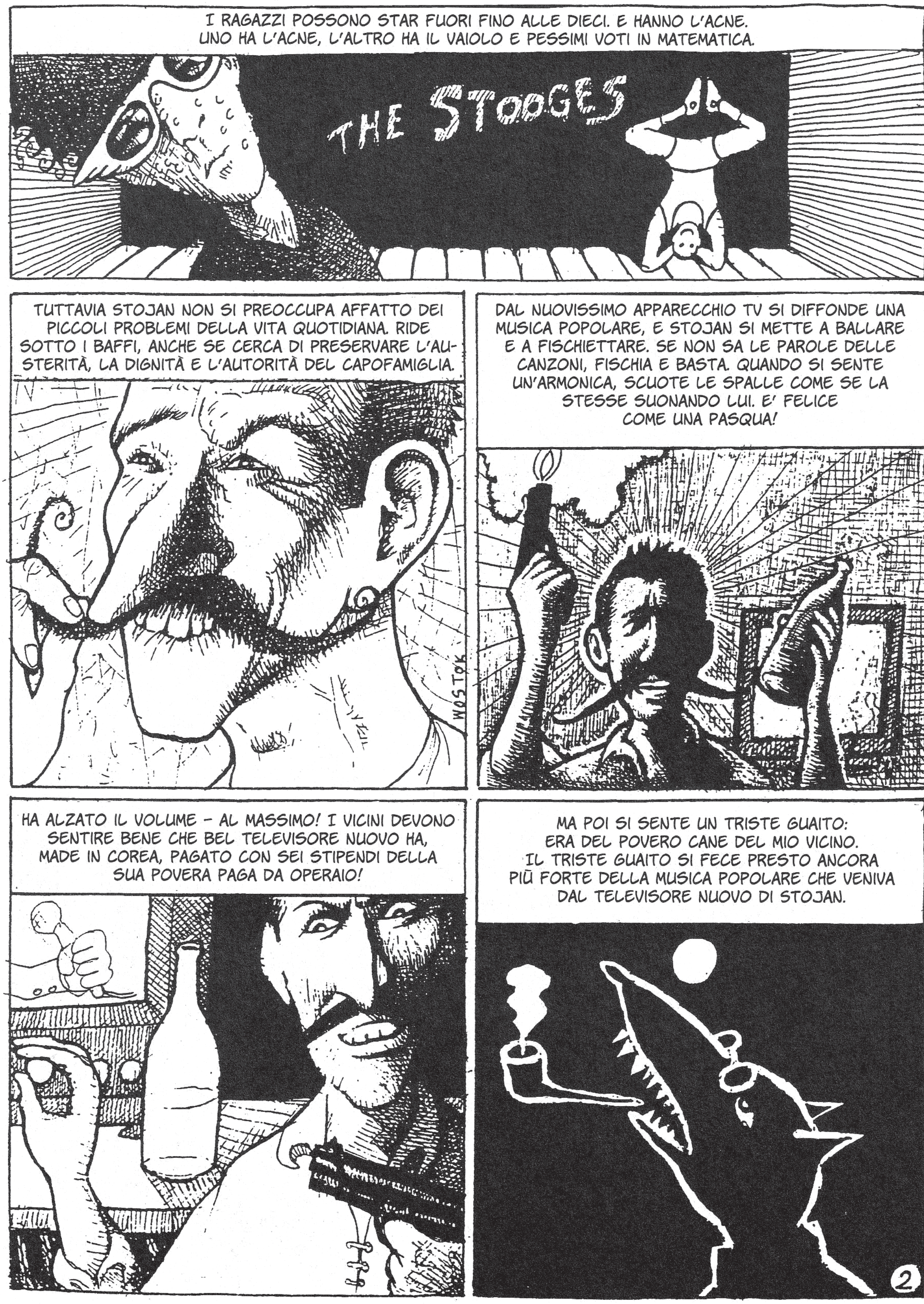


MAN AND DOG: BEST FRIENDS! Based on a story by: **Nabor Devolac** * Script and art by **Wostok**

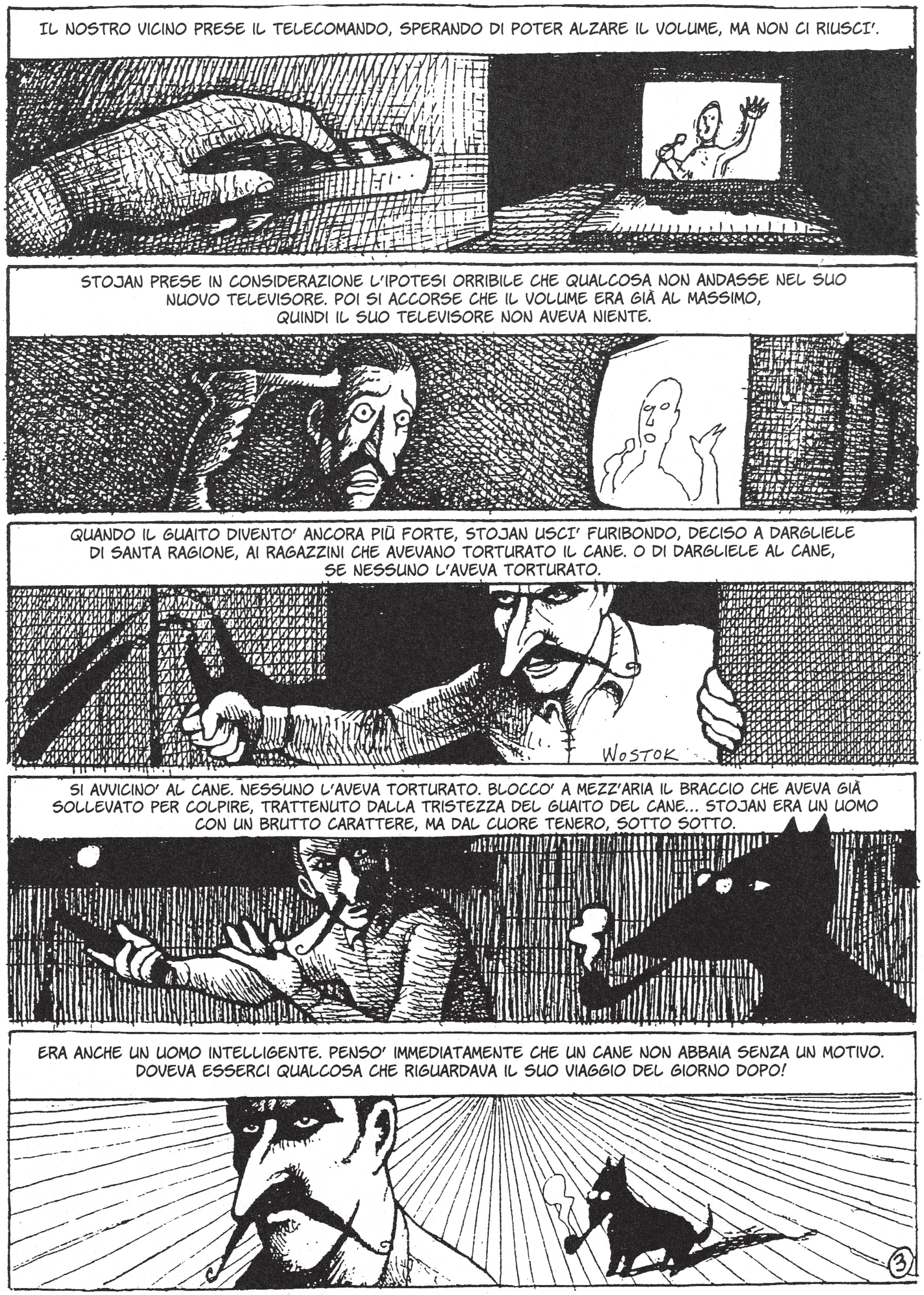
1. My neighbour had a dog. I forgot his name. The dog's name, I mean. Not my neighbour's. / **2.** The neighbour's name was Stojan…

3. Well, on time stojan decide to take a little trip in order to get to know the beatiful countryside of our homeland, warm, smiling and open-hearted people, rivers and lakes, mountains, perhaps even the sea, the diversity of floklore and various kinds of manufacturing useful products of modern technology…

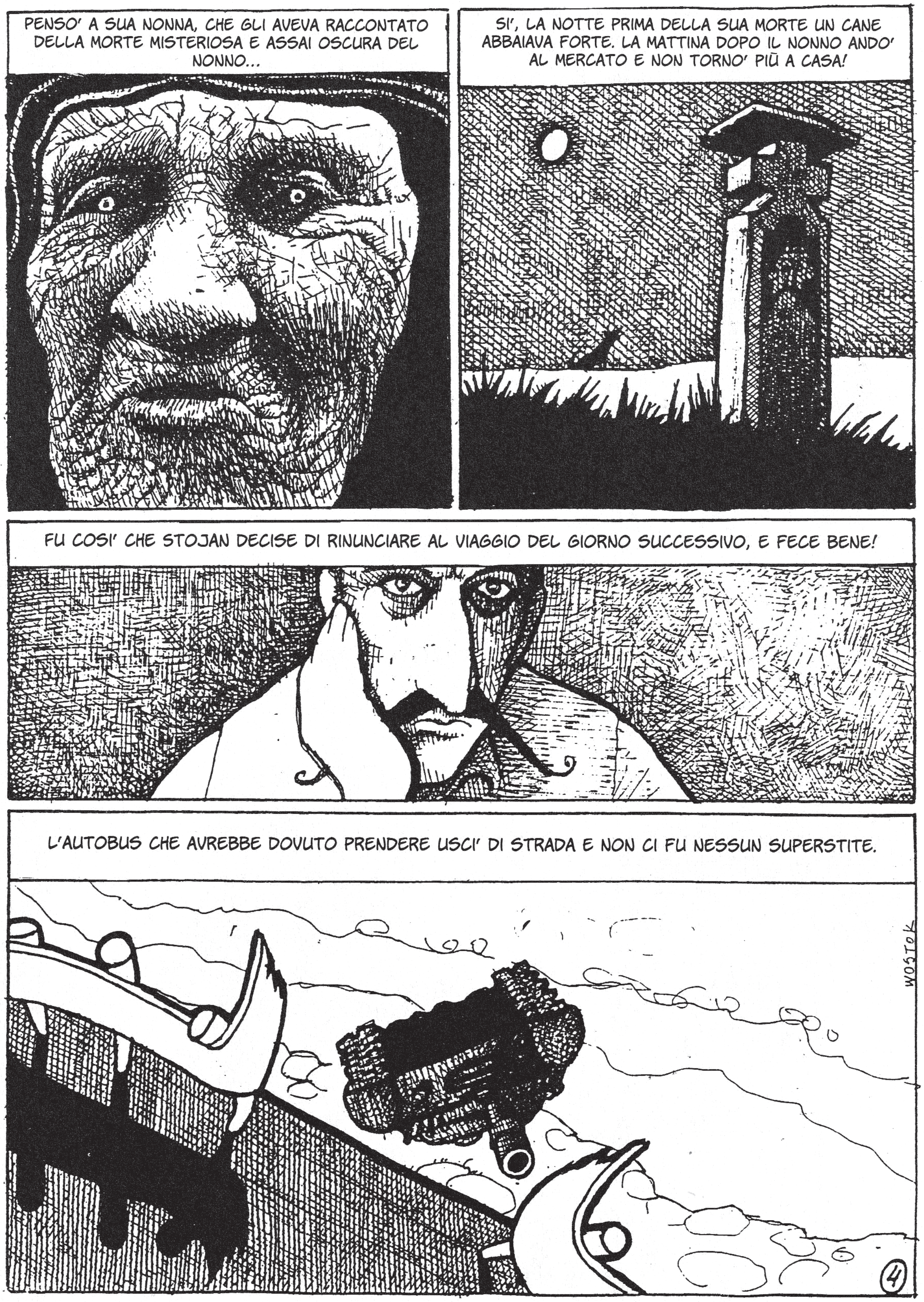
4. His wife packs him up for the trip, mends his socks, irons his shirt, bakes a bread for him to take with him…



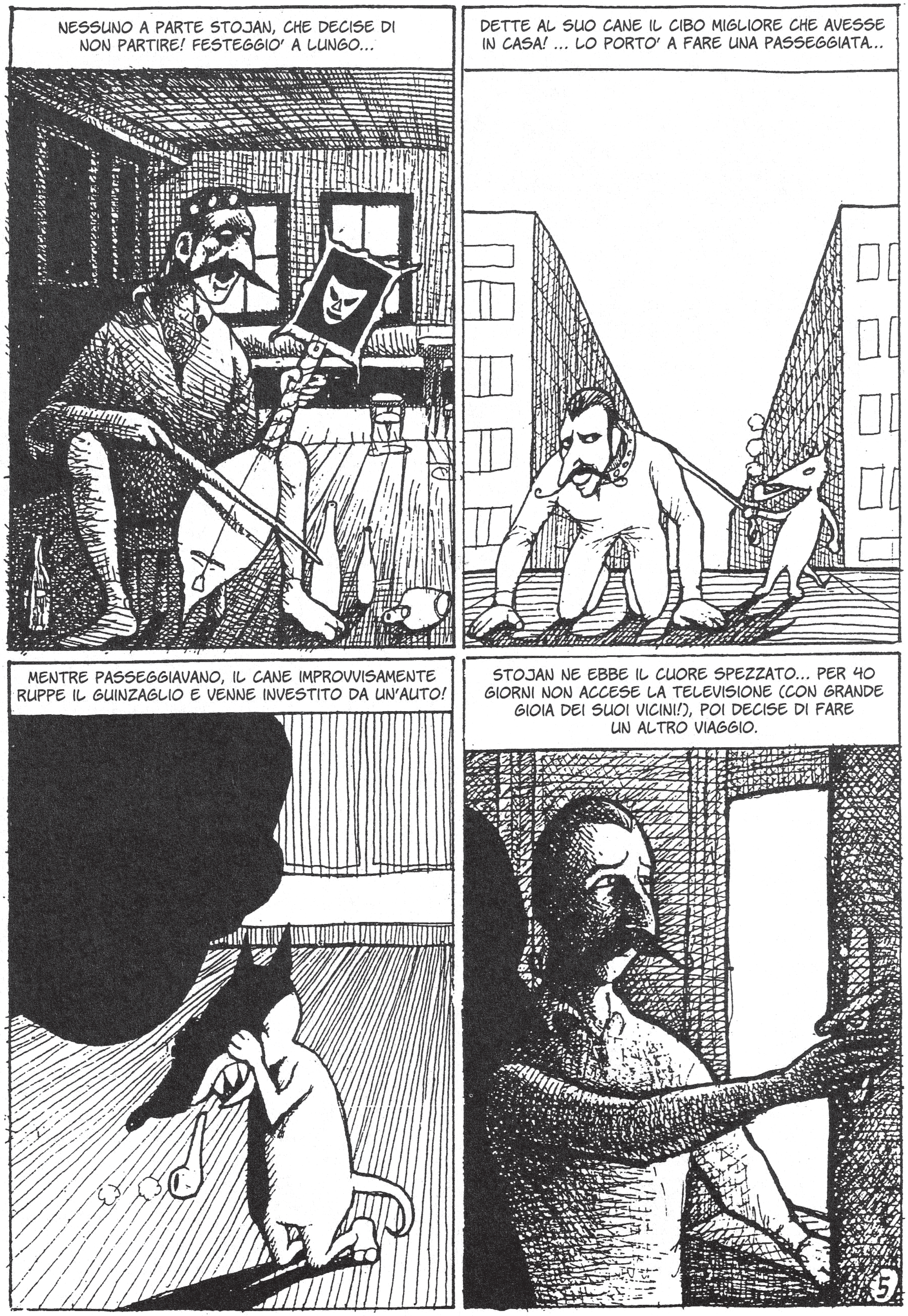
1. The children have got time off until 10 p.m. and a rash. One has got a rash and the other has got smallpox and a bad mark for mathematics.
2. Yet Stojan is far away from worrying over the puny problems of everyday life. His moustache laughs, although he tries to preserve the austerity, dignity and authority of the head of the family. / **3.** Popular folk music is resounding from his new tv set. Stojan starts dancing and whistiling. When he doesn't know the words to the song, the only whistles. When a harmonica takes up a tune he shakes his shoulders playung it on playback. He is in a complete delight. / **4.** He turned up the volume to the max! Let the nighbours know the power of his new tv set, made in korea, paid for with six checks from his poor worker's wage!
5. But then a sad cry from my neighbour's doge suddenly became audible. Soon, the sad cry became even louder than the folk music coming from Stojan's new TV.



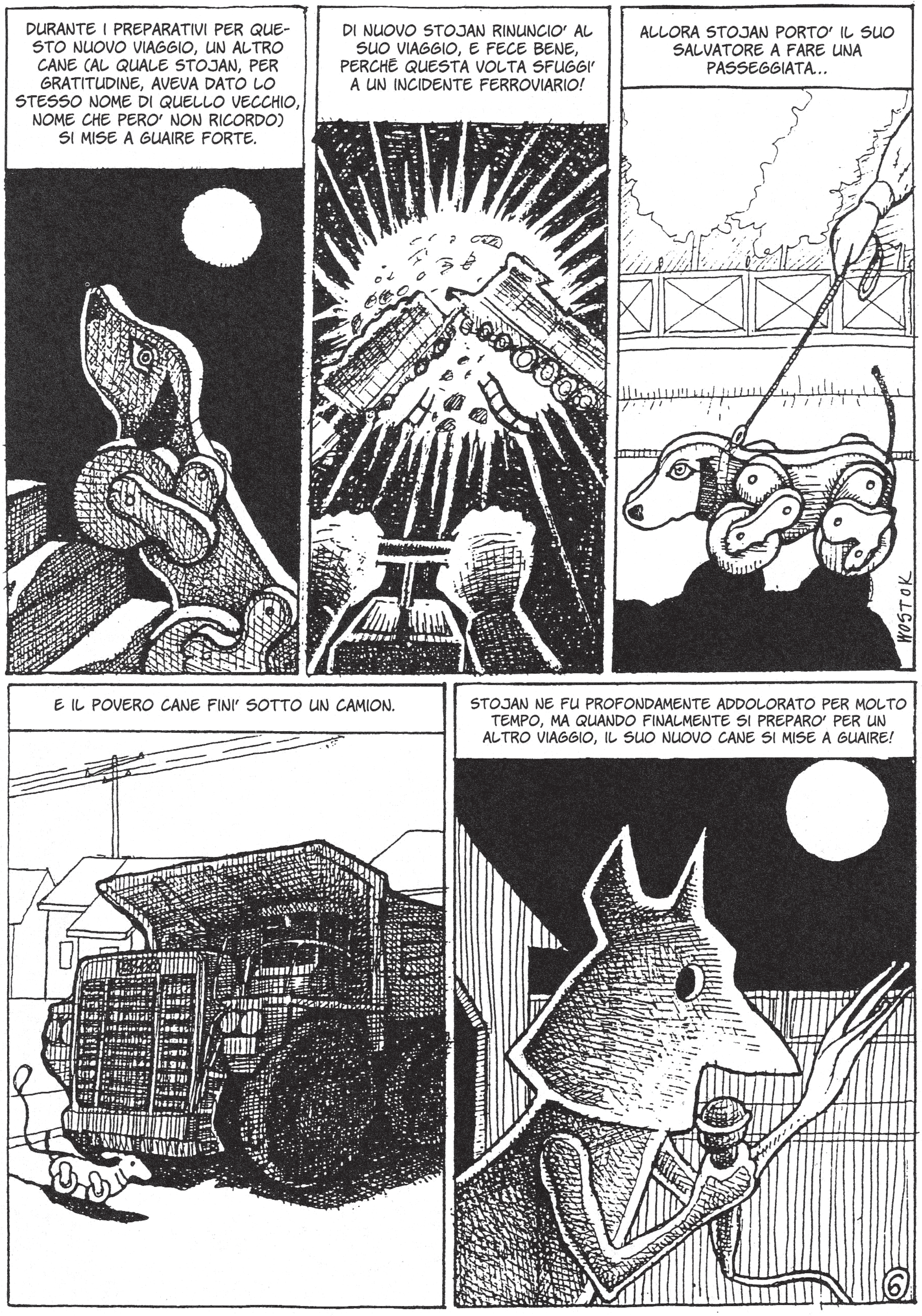
1. Our neighbour grabbed the remote control, hoping to turn up the volume, but unsuccesfully!
2. Stojan feced with a terrifying feeling the possibility that something might be wrong with his new TV set and then he found out that the volume was already to his max, so that his TV must be alright. / **3.** As the sad call the dog became even louder, Stojan run out furiously determineted to beat the hell out of the children that tortured the dog. Or the dog itself if no one tortured it. / **4.** He came closer to the dog that no one tortured. He stopped at the same time he raised his hand. He was shocked by the sadness of the dog voice… Stojan was a men with a bad temper, but with a soft heart underneath. / **5.** He was clear-minded man as well. The next moment he thought, that the dog doesn't bark for nothing. There must be a kind of connection with next day's trip!



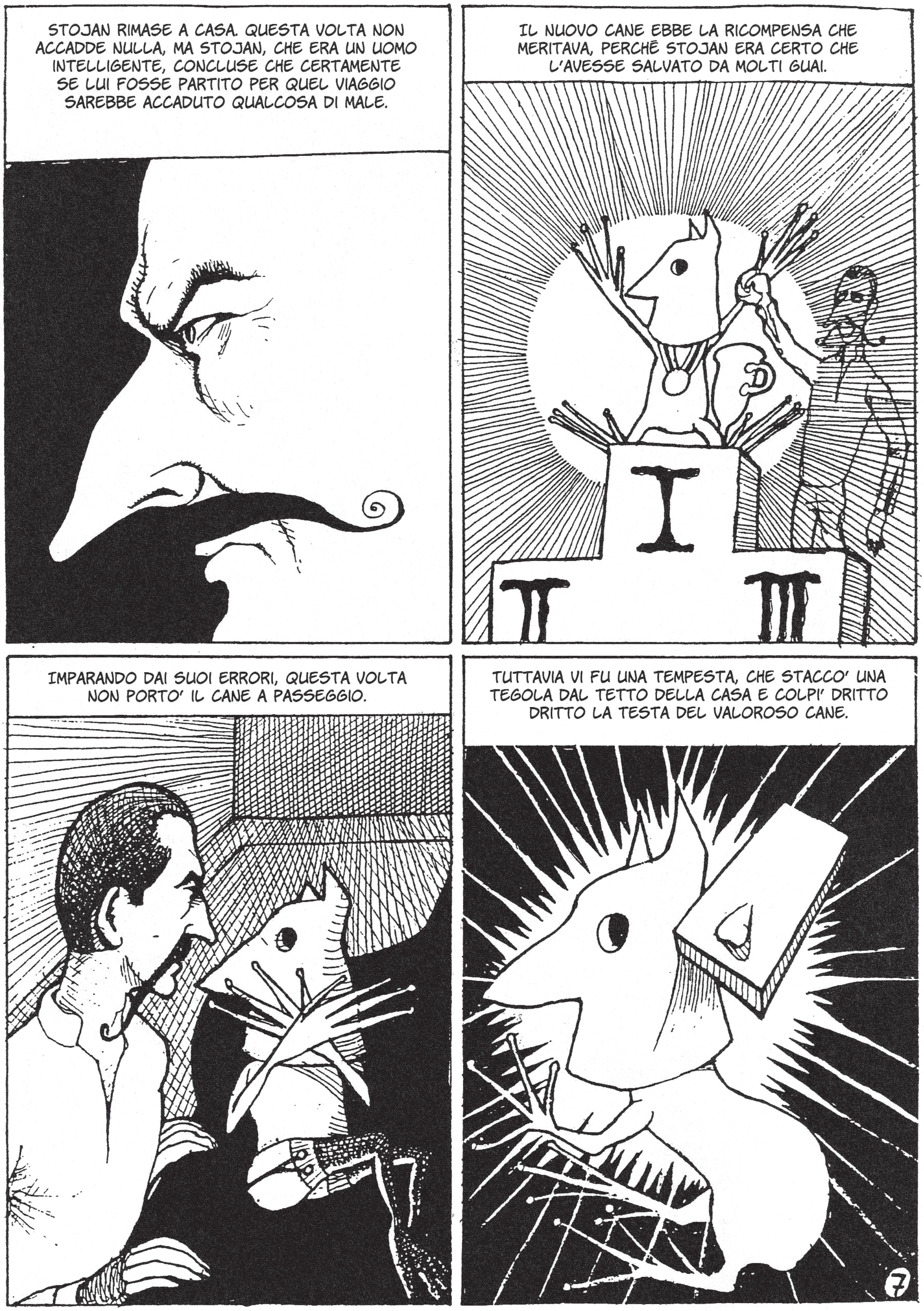
1. He thought of his grandmother who told him of the mysterious and highly obscure death of his grandfather…
2. Yes, the night before grandpa's death, a dog was crying loudly. The next morning the grandpa went to the market place and never came home again!
3. That's why Stojan decided to give his next day's trip. And he was right!
4. The bus he was supposed to take, went off and crash down off the highway! No one survived!



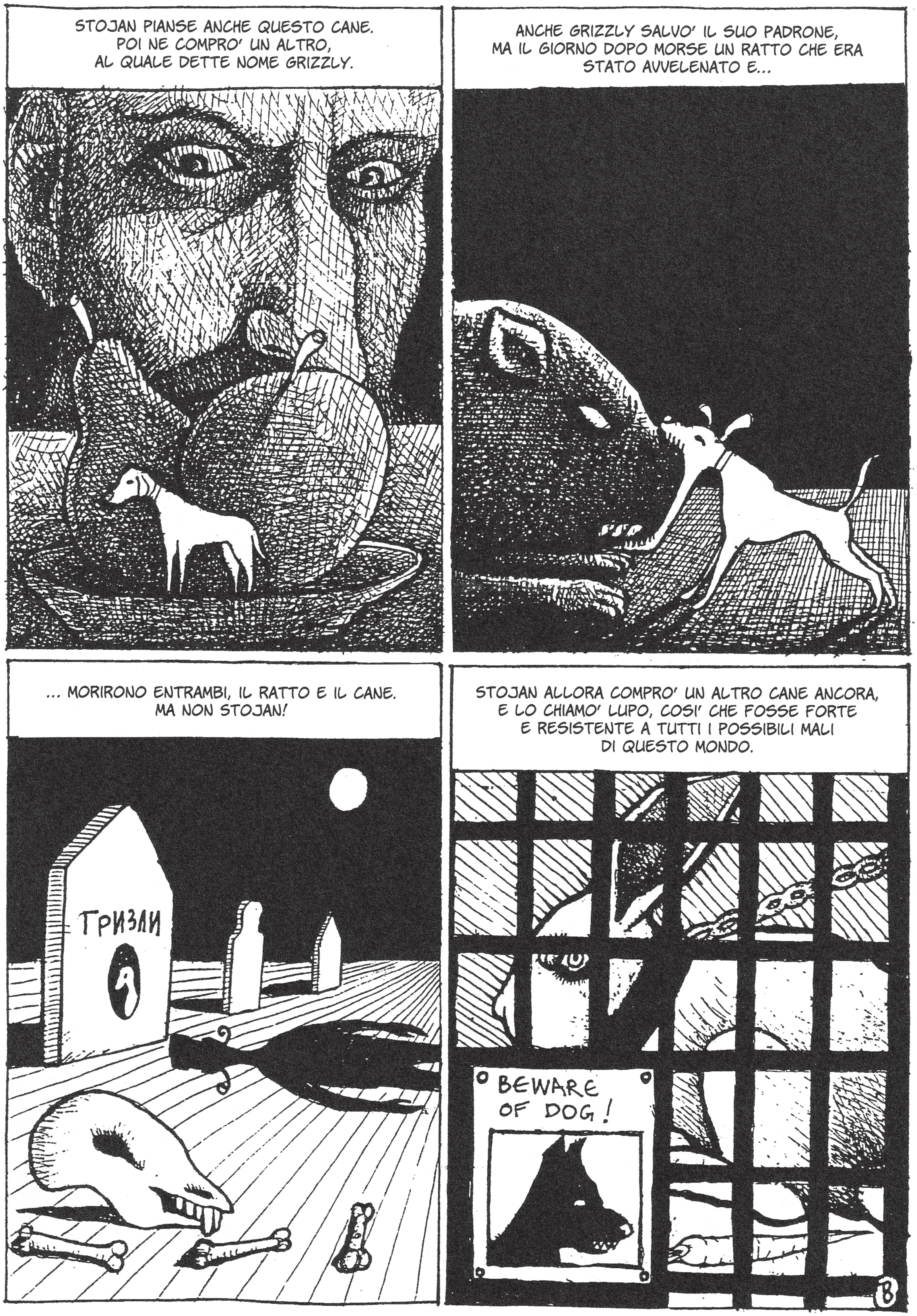
1. No one except Stojan who decided not to travel! He celebrate for a long time…
2. He gave his dog the best food he had on his table! He took him for a walk…
3. While walking through the streets, the dog suddenly tore his lace and ran right under a car!
4. Stojan's heart was torn out… for 40 days he didn't not switch on his TV (much to the pleasure of his neighbours!) and then he decided to take a new trip.



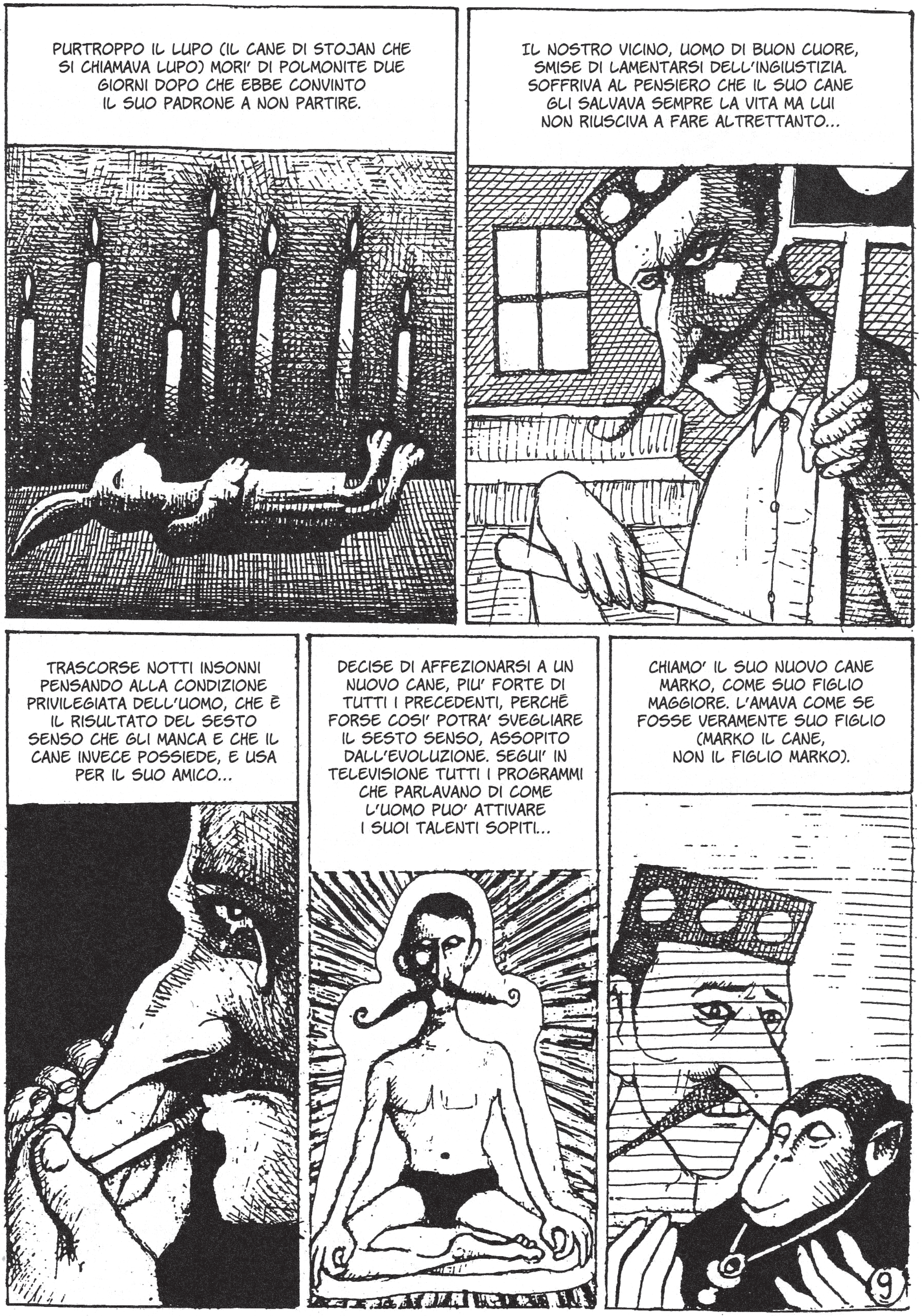
1. During the preparation for a new trip, a new dog (that Stojan, out of his deep gratitude, gave the same name of the old one - the name that I don't remember!) sadly cried… / **2.** Again, Stojan gave up his trip, and he turned out that he did the right thing, for this time, he escaped a railway accident! **3.** Then Stojan went with his saviour for a walk... / **4.** And the poor dog went off-under a truck! **5.** He was filled with deep sorrow for a long time, but when he was finally preparing for a new trip, his new dog started crying!



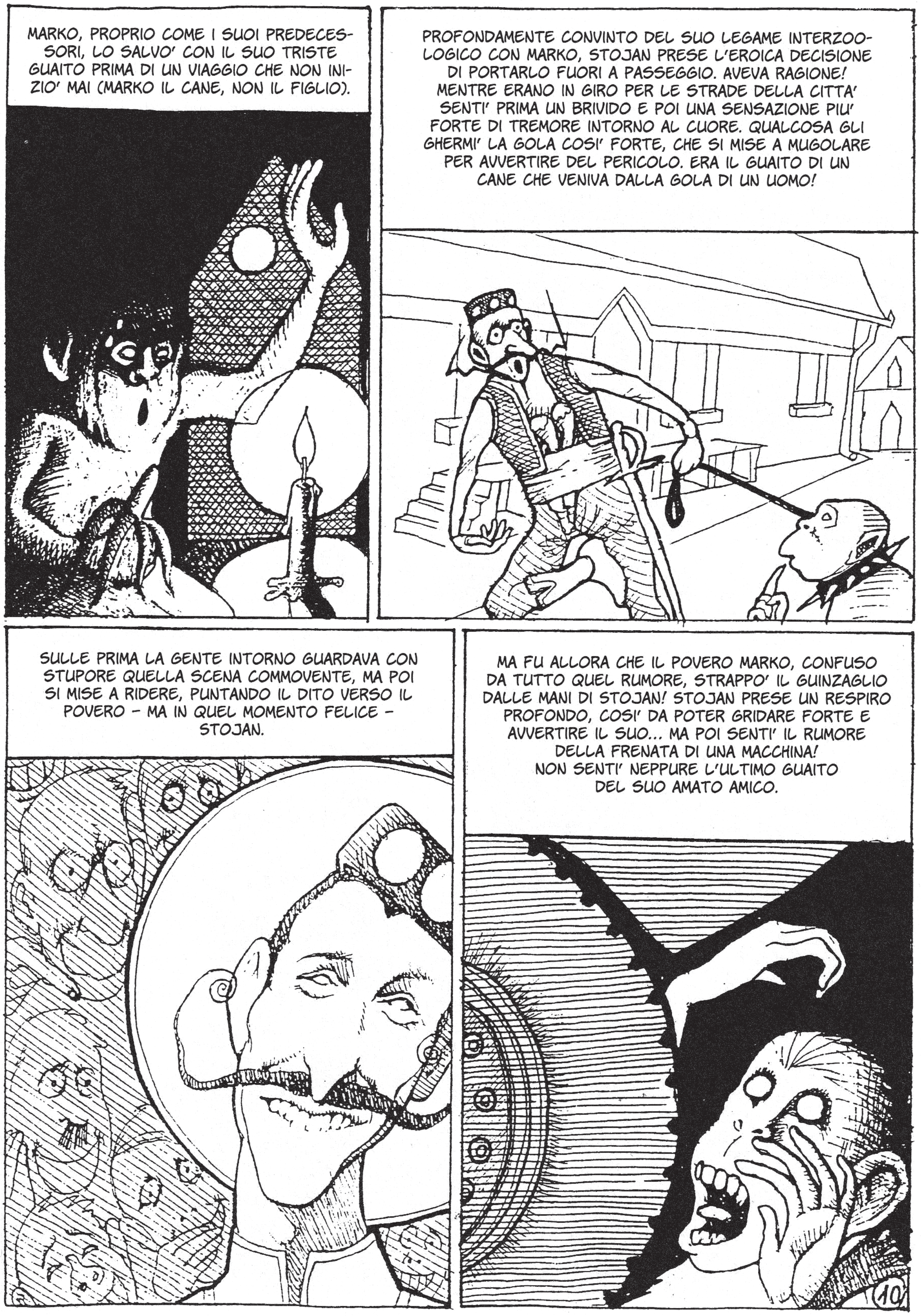
1. Stojan stayed at home this time, nothing happened, but Stojan a men of clear mind, concluded that surely something would have happened if he had gone on that trip.
2. The new dog was not left without the reward it reserved, for Stojan was sure it saved him from a lot of trouble.
3. Taught by the bad experience, he didn't not take it out for a walk this time.
4. But still there was a storm that sweeped a brick from the roof of the house-straight into the head of the deserving dog!



1. Stojan mourned for this dog as well. Then he bought a new one and gave it the name Grizzly.
2. Grizzly did save its master, but as soon as the next day, he eat up a poisonous rat and…
3. …that is how they passed away-the dog and the rat, not Stojan!
4. Stojan then bought a new dog, and name it Wolf, so that would be strong and resistant to all the possible evils of this world.



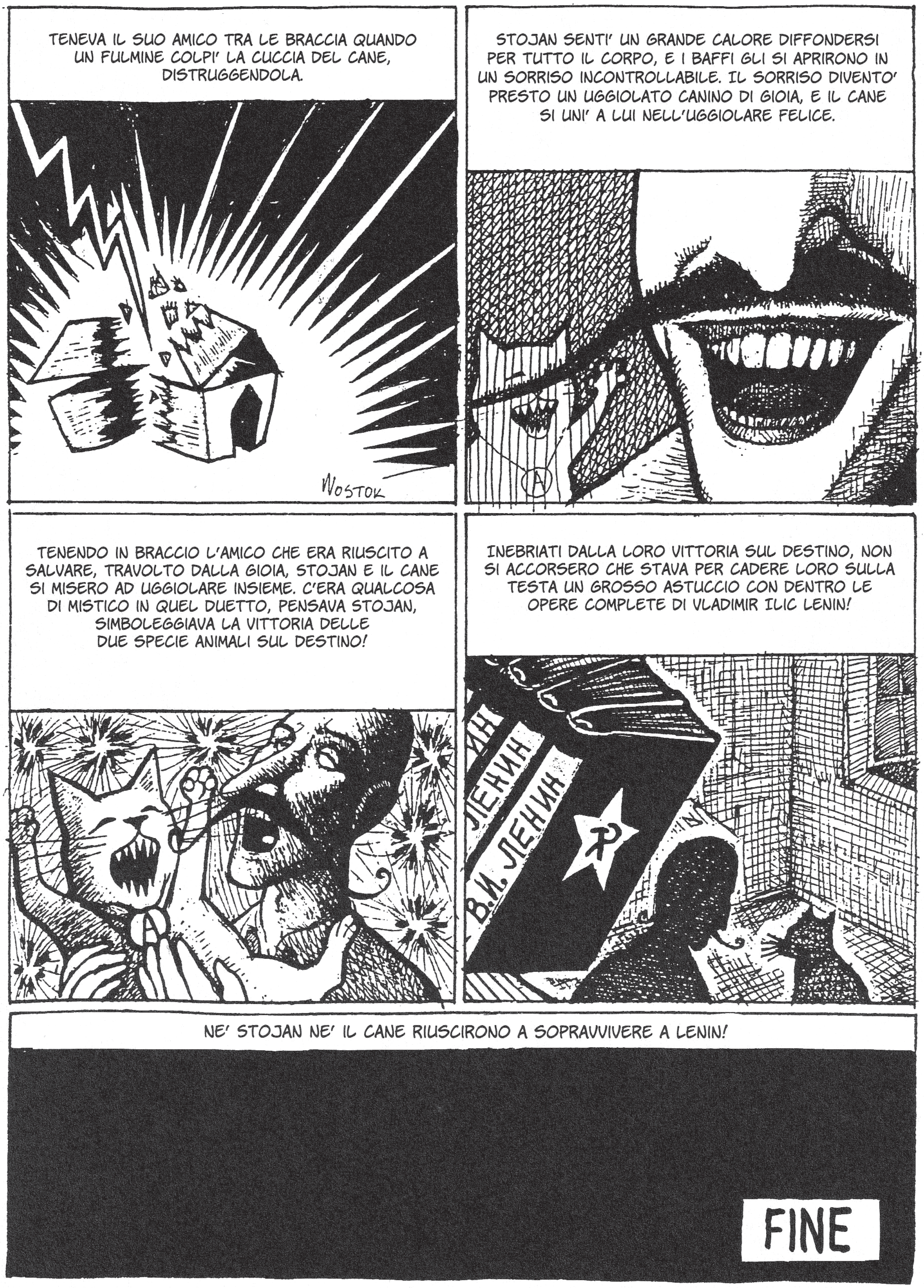
1. Unfortunately, the Wolf (Stojan's dog named Wolf) died of pneumonia, only two days after it talked its master out of a new trip.
2. Our neighbour, a men of soft heart, starting complaining over the injustice. His heart was hurting just over the thought that it was always the dog that saved him while he never managed to save the dog's life… / **3.** He spent sleepless nights thinking about men's privileged condition that is the result of the fact that he misses that sixth sense which a dog possesses for his friend… / **4.** He decided to love a new dog, stronger than any of those he had before, for in that manner he might awaken his sense pushed back by evolution. He followed all the TV -programs dealing with men's ability to activate his hidden talents…
5. He now named his new pet Marko, after his eldest son. He stared to love Marko as if it were his own son (Marko the dog, not his son Marko).



1. Marko, just as his forerunners, saved him with his sad cry before the never-occuring trip (Marko the dog, not his son Marko).
2. Deeply convinced of his interzoological connection with Marko, Stojan bravely took it out for a walk. He was right! While they were walking through the street of the town, he felt at first only a flickering but later a stronger trembling sensation around his heart. Something grabbed his throat so strongly that he started to release a warning cry in the face of danger. It was a dog's cry coming from a man's throat!... / **3.** People around them watched this actually touching scene with bewilderment, but later on they started laughing, pointing her fingers on the poor - but at the moment blissful - Stojan. / **4.** But then, poor Marko, confused by all that noise, tore the lace from Stojan's hand! Stojan took a deep breath, so he would shout a loader cry, so he could warn his… but hen he heard the screeching break of a car! he didn't even hear the last squeek of his beloved friend.



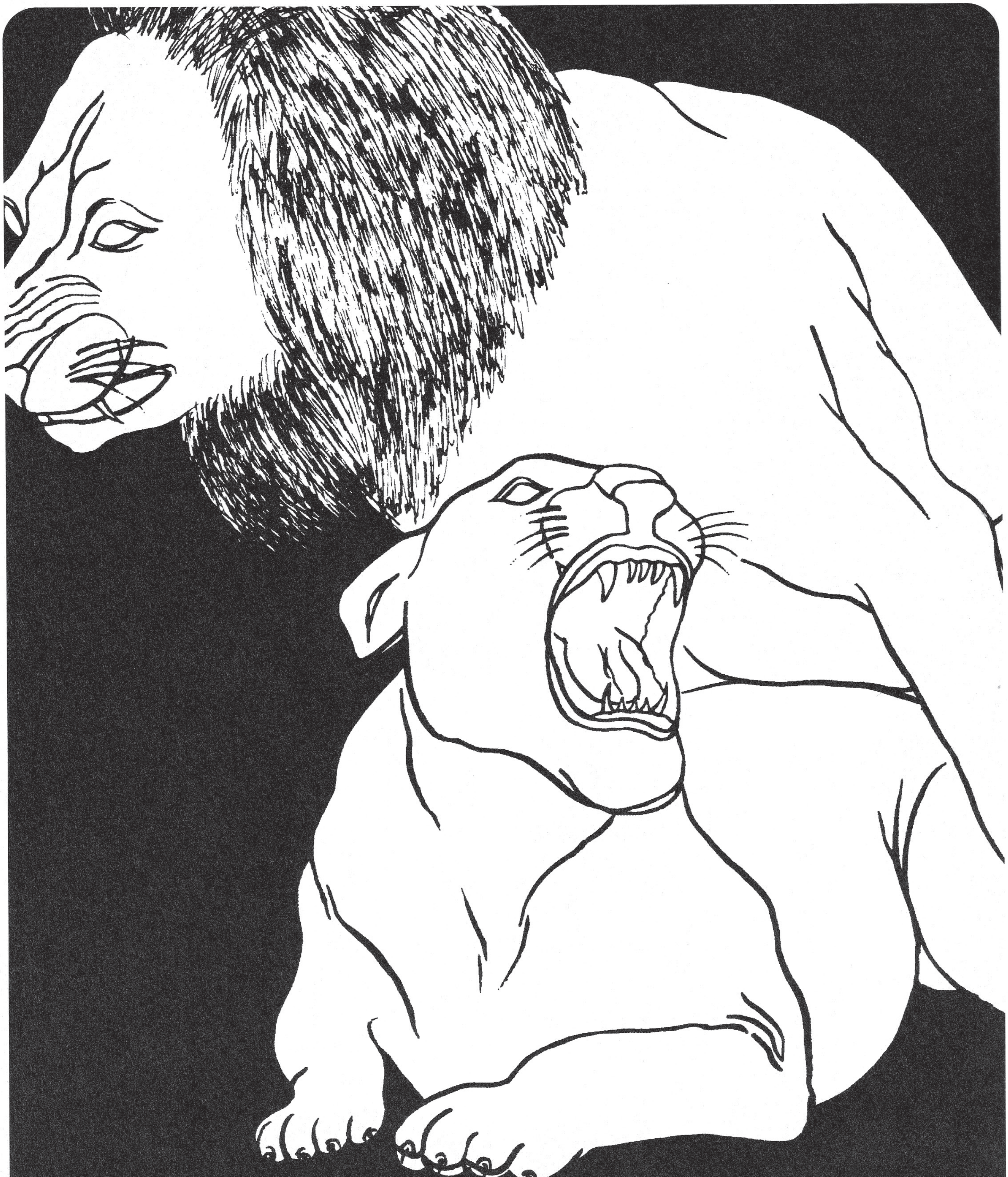
1. He regained consciousness seven days after Marko's funeral... / **2.** Still deeply touched by the painful memories of the beautiful times shared with Marko, Stojan still doesn't not give up! He bought a new dog, named it Shrundabour, which means in a old forgotten dialect "never into the grave".
3. Shrundabour talked with out of taking a new trip! Stojan began to love Shrundabour like no dog before. They lived in love, harmony, mutual understanding and trust…
4. That night, a storm began, and as if out his mind, driven by strange, devlish forces inside him, Stojan ran out his house, and bagan crying like a madman!
5. The dog ran back to the house and straight into Stojan's embrace.

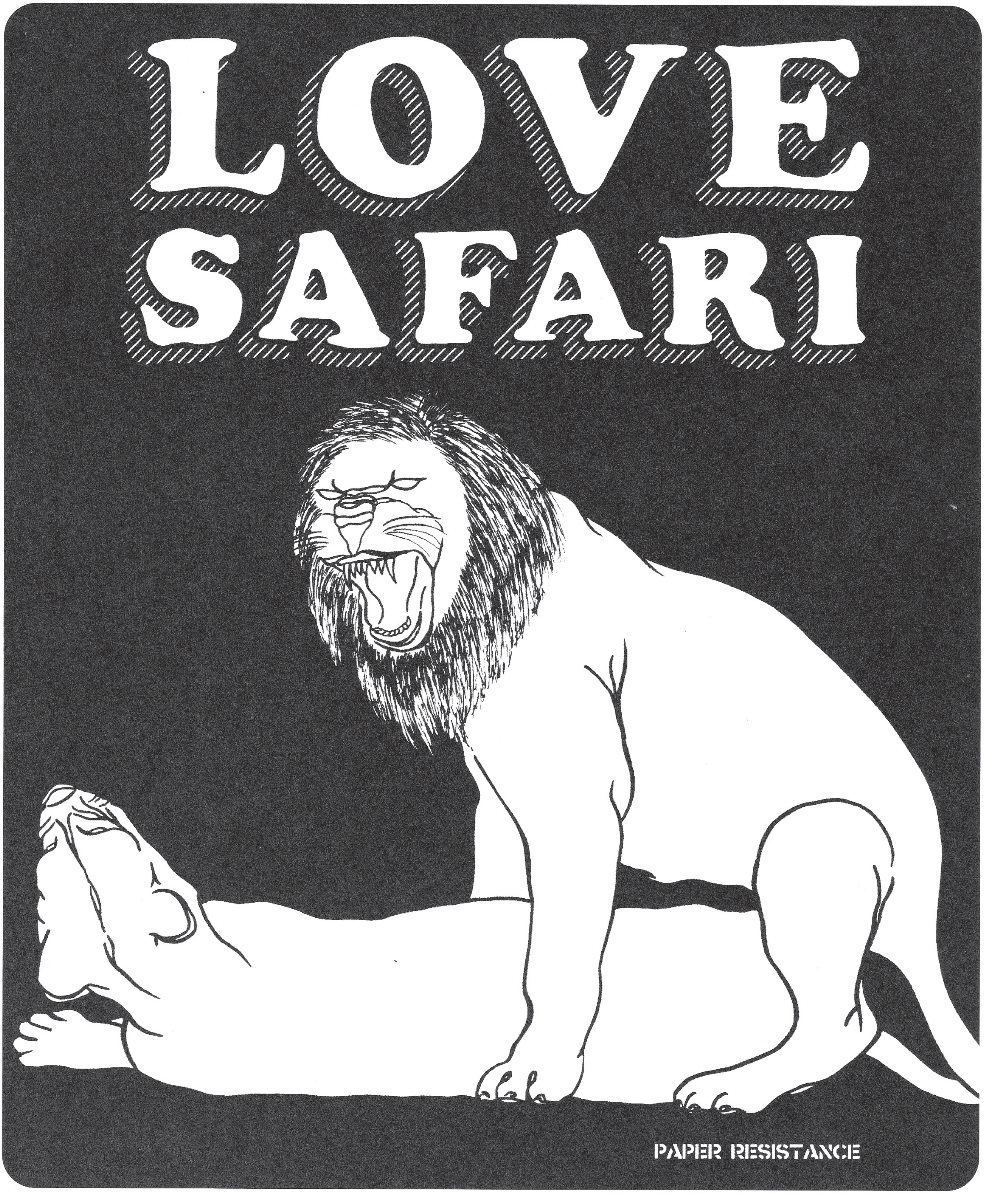


1. While he was holdin his friend a bolt of lighting struck the dog's house, breaking into pieces!
2. Stojan felt warmth spreading all over his body, his moustache spreaded into an uncontrolled smile. This smile soon turned into a delighted dog's howling. The dog joined him in his joyful howling! / **3.** Holding the friend he successfully saved, overwhelmed with joy, Stojan tuned in with the dog's howling. There was, stojan though, something mystical in that duet, which embodied the victory of two biological species over destiny!
4. Little did they notice, besotted by their victory over fate, that their heads were about to be hit by a big case with the complete works of Wladimir Illyitch Lenin!
5. Neither Stojan nor the dog survived Lenin!








LOVE
SAFARI
PAPER RESISTANCE

Cosa possiamo fare?

Da questo paese, dall'altro, dal grande, dal piccolo, da quello che appena dà alla cartina un colore tenue,
con le stesse radici che ha un sogno comune, semplicemente anonimi e parlando, siete venuti.
(da "Alle Brigate Internazionali" di Rafael Alberti, Dicembre 1936)

Qualcuno molto vicino a me era impazzito, e il suo sragionare mancava di quella maestosità che alcuni scrittori e pensatori gli volevano attribuire, una forma eccellente di comprensione. La pazzia era in lui, un brillante filosofo fino ad allora, un tormento che lo lacerava privandolo di ogni serenità, qualcosa che lo costringeva a vagare da un luogo all'altro, fino a ritrovarsi esausto. Era un qualcosa che determinava anche un dolore profondo nei suoi famigliari, incapaci di trovare la più piccola possibilità per alleviare, anche minimamente, quell'inquietudine. Seduto nella mia casa, estraneo a tutto, ci fu un giorno in cui, dopo aver un po' rilassato il suo volto, teso fuori misura, mi disse: "Fortunatamente, mi rimane Kant".

Quasi tutto quello che ho dato al fumetto è nato da un coraggio interiore, alle volte non comprensibile, e questo lavoro con Monica Brouillard è nato da quei momenti incredibili.
Ho quasi sempre cercato me stesso all'interno del fumetto, facendo affiorare allo stesso modo i miei demoni ed i miei angeli che si intravedono (pochi e fugaci). E anche Monica cercava i suoi legami con radici spagnole che aveva per troppo tempo taciute. "Facciamo qualche cosa sulla Guerra di Spagna", mi disse, sapendo che ero ossessionato, in un periodo in cui non cercavo tanto aneddoti della storia, ma spiegazioni di una parte del mio comportamento.
E cosi è nata questa breve storia sulle Brigate Internazionali.

La destra, che vive i momenti di gloria del pensiero unico, nell'ultimo periodo ha codificato l'interpretazione di quella mobilitazione di volontari come uno stratagemma del *Komintern,* sottomesso agli ordini del dittatore Stalin, un convegno dei partiti comunisti per creare la minaccia di una guerra fratricida.
Questo giudizio si basa su alcune innegabili evidenze, sull'interesse di opporlo alla vergogna di un massiccio appoggio dei fascisti e dei nazisti su cui ha contato l'altra brigata in lizza, la loro, che fu quella che cominciò questa carneficina.
Intanto la sinistra ha voluto vedere in quei combattenti per la libertà uno degli ultimi grandi gesti romantici collettivi: i figli di Byron in aiuto della fragile e giovane Repubblica spagnola.

Ho conosciuto alcuni sopravvissuti di quelle brigate, ed ho incontrato di tutto; da stalinisti, che lo sono e continuano ad esserlo, convinti che la loro missione fosse aiutare a costituire in terra spagnola una dittatura del proletariato, eliminando inoltre tutti i dissidenti presenti al loro interno, fino a semplici antifascisti convinti dell'evidenza che questa guerra era l'anticamera in cui si stava provando, come immediatamente dimostrò la Seconda Guerra Mondiale, un totalitarismo dal volto non umano, che doveva essere frenato.
Ancora oggi, e pesa il fatto di aver versato tanto sangue e sudore su quei campi stranieri, gli uni e gli altri mantengono una postura ferma, come prova fedele di un giudizio in cui gli interessi e l'etica sono cose distinte.

Ma io, aiutato dal sorprendente disegno di Monique, non volevo parlare di niente di tutto ciò, ma di qualcosa di più profondo e fuori dal tempo, che ciò nonostante, in questi tempi di relativismo generalizzato, mi allarma e infiamma allo stesso tempo. E l'immagine della mie angustia famigliare si imponeva su accessori ed abiti di altri tempi.

"Cosa possiamo fare?" è la quarta famosa domanda di Kant, il filosofo che ha determinato l'autonomia della morale e ha stabilito così nuove regole del gioco. "Lavora in modo tale", ha scritto , "da trattare sempre l'Umanità, sia nella tua persona che negli altri, come un fine, e non servirti mai di questa come un mezzo". La sua etica è una esigenza di questa facoltà umana superiore, oggi tanto screditata, che è la ragione, una ragione che postula, in forma universale, categorica e necessaria, il dovere, non per ciò che può portare, no; il dovere per il dovere. Un dovere che non è emanazione di un sentimento individuale, bensì della già citata ragione.
Possiamo controbattere a Kant a partire da molti pregiudizi contemporanei, carichi di sospetti, come oggi accade per molte eredità dell'Età dei Lumi, ma, prima e dopo di questi, con fondamenta diverse, ci furono pensatori che, davanti ad una realtà concreta, si sono impegnati a formulare un giudizio morale che si è tradotto in una condotta personale esemplare (Tolstoj, ad esempio, si interrogò sul cristianesimo).

Io volevo solo parlare di uno di questi uomini senza tempo che, come il filosofo eletto, aveva fatto affidamento su di un animo pieno di ammirazione e rispetto per due cose, come disse Kant nel suo epitaffio; "il cielo stellato sopra di me, la legge morale dentro di me".

Ho cercato di descrivere uno dei molti crocevia della storia in cui ciascuno dei protagonisti si è visto obbligato a definire, ancora una volta tramite l'alibi della passività, la necessità di accompagnare per alcuni istanti qualcuno che, come questa persona tanto vicina, faceva affidamento unicamente sul sostegno di Kant e su una morale fondata sulla forma e sull'intenzione del soggetto.

Felipe Hernandez Cava

What we can do?

From this country and that, from big countries and small, from one that scarcely is a blot on the map, with the same roots in the same dream, simple and anonymous, talking as you came.
(from "To International Brigades", December 1936)

Someone very near to me had gone crazy, and his being off his head was lacking that grandeur that a few writers and thinkers wanted to attribute to him, a kind of extraordinary form of understanding. Madness was in him, an excellent philosopher so far, a scourge tearing him and depriving him of any quietness, something that forced him to wander endlessly, until he was worn out. It also provoked a deep sorrow in his family, unable to find a way to alleviate that restlessness.
Sitting at home, stranger to everything, one day, after relaxing his face a bit, always extremely tense, he told me:
«Luckily, I still have Kant».

Almost everything that I have given to comics was born from an inner courage, sometime impossible to understand, and this work with Monica Brouillard was born in those incredible moments. I have nearly always been looking for myself, in comics, allowing at the same time my demons and my angels (just a few, and transient) to surface. And also Monica was looking for her links with long unsaid Spanish roots. «Let us do something on the Spanish war» she told me, knowing I was obsessed, in a period in which I was not looking for anecdotes on history, but rather explanations to a part of my behaviors. So this is how this short story on International Brigades was born.

The parties and movements of the Right, glorifying themselves in the idea of standardized thinking, has lately coded the interpretation of the mobilization of those volunteers as a *Komintern* stratagem, responding to the orders of Stalin dictatorship: a meeting of communist parties to create the menace of a fratricidal war.
This judgment is based on undeniable evidence, on the need to oppose it to the shame of a massive support of fascists and nazis provided to the other brigade, which was the one starting this slaughter.
On the other hand the parties and movements of the left saw in those fighters for freedom one of the last great romantic collective gestures: the heirs of Byron running to help the young and fragile Spanish Republic.

I have met some who survived those brigades, and I met very different people: Stalinists, that were and still are convinced that their mission was that of contributing to establish the dictatorship of the proletariat in Spain, eliminating all the dissidents among them. But also simple anti-fascists, convinced of the evidence that the war was the prelude to an inhuman totalitarianism that had to be stopped, as the Second World War largely proved.
Still today they both keep their stance, and it is so sad thinking of the blood shed then. They are the proof of a judgment in which interests and ethics do not match.

But I didn't want to mention any of that, with the help of Monique drawings I wanted to talk of something deeper and timeless, something that alarms and inspires me, in these times soaked by relativism. And the image of my family anguish stood up on the background of old time accessories and clothes.

«What can we do?» is the fourth famous question of Kant, the philosopher who has established the autonomy of ethics and created new rules. «Work so that» he wrote, «Humanity be always, in relation with yourself and other people, an end in itself, and never use it as a means». His ethics is the need of the highest human faculty, however often discredited, that is the reason. A reason which postulates duty in a universal, categorical and necessary form. And not the duty for what it can bring: no, the duty as such. A duty that is not the result of personal feelings, but of the reason itself.
We may counter Kant based on several contemporary prejudices, full of suspicion, as it now often happens for a large part of the legacy of the Age of Enlightenment. And yet, before and after, there have been thinkers who, face to a concrete reality, committed to give a moral judgment which became an exemplary personal behavior (Tolstoj for example even questioned Christianity).

I just wanted to talk about one of these timeless men who, as the philosopher, had relied on a soul full of admiration and respect for two things, as Kant said: «the starry heavens above me and the moral law within me».

I tried to describe one of the many crossroads of history, in which each one is forced to define, once again by the alibi of passiveness, the need to be for a few instants near to someone which, as that person, so near, only relied on the support of Kant and on his ethics, based on the form and intention of the subject.

Felipe Hernandez Cava

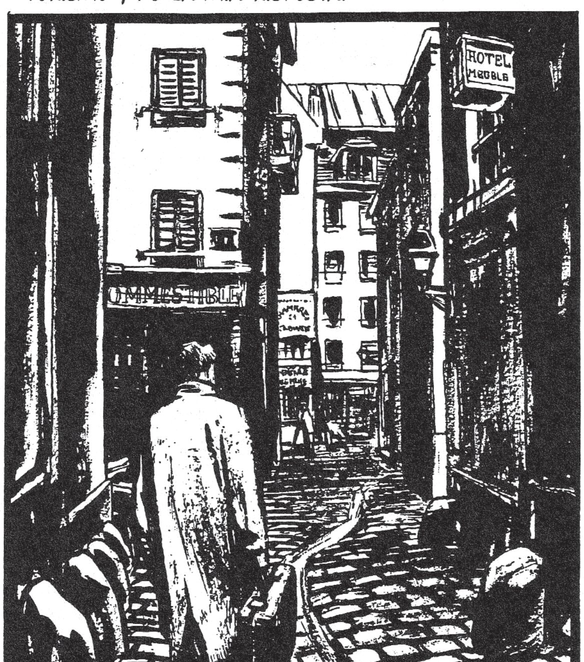
E' ACCADUTO NEL GENNAIO DEL '37. IL TRENO CHE AVEVO PRESO AD HAVRE ENTRAVA NELLA STAZIONE DI SAINT-LAZARE. STAVA ALBEGGIANDO.



ERA LA PRIMA VOLTA CHE ANDAVO A PARIGI.



UN POLIZIOTTO MI CHIESE I DOCUMENTI E CHE COSA FOSSI VENUTO A FARE IN FRANCIA. "TURISMO", FU LA MIA RISPOSTA.



L'HOTEL DOVE ALLOGGIAVO ERA LÌ VICINO.



WHAT CAN WE DO? by Felipe H. cava and M. Brouillard

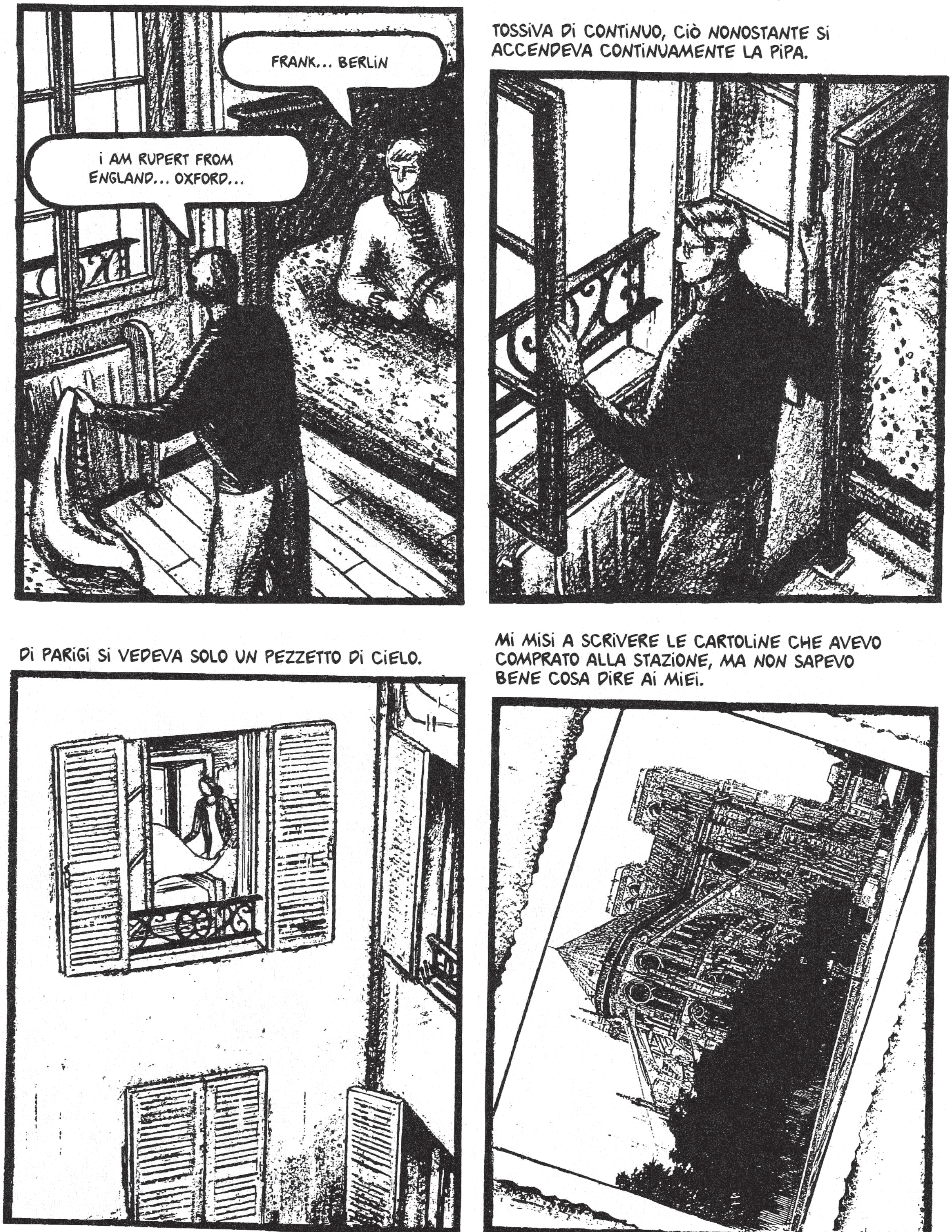
1. It happened in January 1937. The train I had boarded in Havre was entering Saint-Lazare Station. It was dawning.
2. It was my first time in Paris. / **3.** A policeman asked me for my documents and what was I in France for. "I'm a tourist", I answered.
4. The hotel I was staying at was nearby.



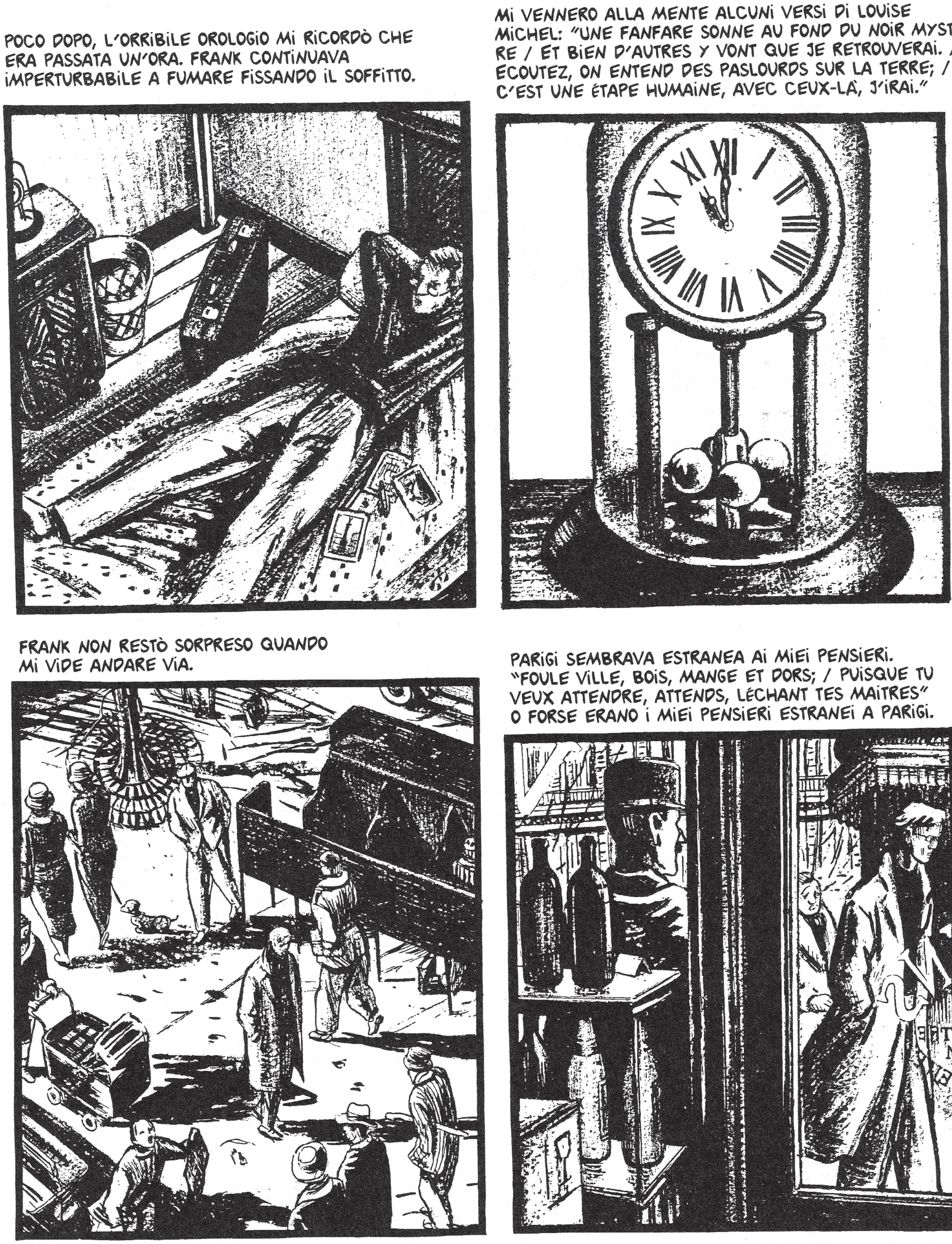
1. This gentlemen is waiting for you. / **2.** "I'm from the Committee", he told me. He pronounced the words with an Eastern European accent.
3. Yes, of course, the French Government is sympathetic with Spain, but the borders are officially closed. / **4** ...so they don't take action, you see? Well, my advice is not to go out of the hotel. We are not after trouble... / **5.** It appears that some from the brigades got into trouble after drinking too much or going with whores.
6 ...It's almost sure that we'll leave tonight already. / **7.** What's the itinerary?



1. If I was to tell you, I might put the organization at risk. / **2.** He said I could eat at the hotel's restaurant without taking care of the bill.
3. Some friends had started this journey before me; with the train from Paris to Beziers, then with the coach towards Narbonne and finally on foot, across the Pyrenees.
4. In the room I found a very young boy. /**5.** Sprechen sie deutsh? Nein?



1. Frank… Berlin / **2.** I am Rupert from England… Oxford…
3. He was coughing all the time, but he kept lighting his pipe anyway. /**4.** A shred of sky was the only thing we could see of Paris.
5. I started writing the postcards I had bought at the station, but I did not really know what to say to my parents.



1. After a while, that wretched watch reminded me that one hour had passed. Frank kept smoking unshakably looking at the ceiling.
2. Some lines by Loiuse Michel came to my mind: «Une fanfare sonne au fond du noir mystère / Et bien d'autres y vont que je retrouverai. / Ecoutez, on entend des pas lourds sur la terre; C'est une étape humaine, avec ceux-là, j'irai.» / **3.** Frank was not surprised when he saw me going.
4. Paris seemed so far from my thoughts. «Foule ville, bois, mange et dors; / Puisque tu veux attendre, attends, léchant tes maîtres» Or maybe it was my thoughts that had nothing to do with Paris.



1. Even in the best of cases, if I were to lift Montmartre or Champ de Mars pavement, or that of Place de l'Étoile, I would find the seeds of the Commune.
2. I told him not to go out of his room. / **3.** The man from the committee did not lose his time with recriminations.
4. Take the essentials from your bag and wrap them in paper. / **5.** And the bag?
6. "We will deal with the Hotel and with your bag. We will keep it until you come back from Spain."

"SOLO L'INDISPENSABILE", INSISTEVA L'ALTRO.



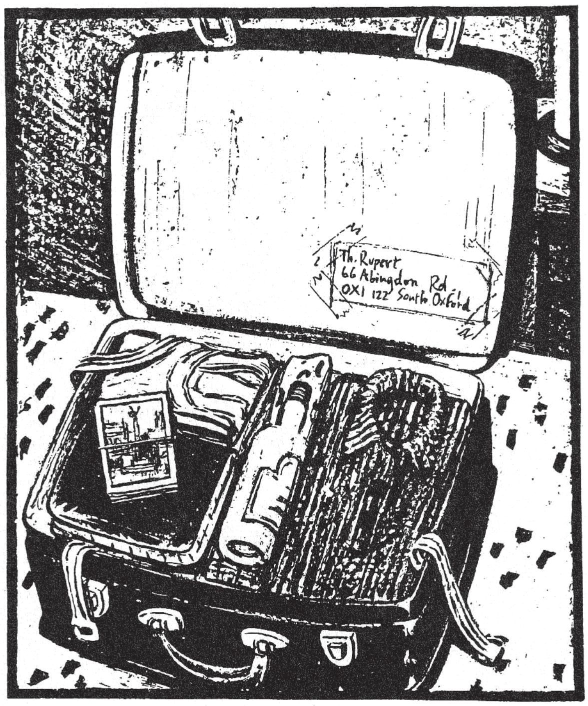
"UN COMPAGNO VI VERRÀ A PRENDERE, LEI ED IL TEDESCO, E VI CONDURRÀ ALLA STAZIONE DI LIONE."



"LÌ VI ASPETTERÀ UN ALTRO COMPAGNO. SEGUITELO SENZA DIRGLI UNA PAROLA, FINO ALLA CARROZZA CHE VI INDICHERÀ. E, UNA VOLTA SALITO SUL TRENO, TI RACCOMANDO DI NON PARLARE CON NESSUNO."



COME DECIDERE CHE COSA ERA INDISPENSABILE?

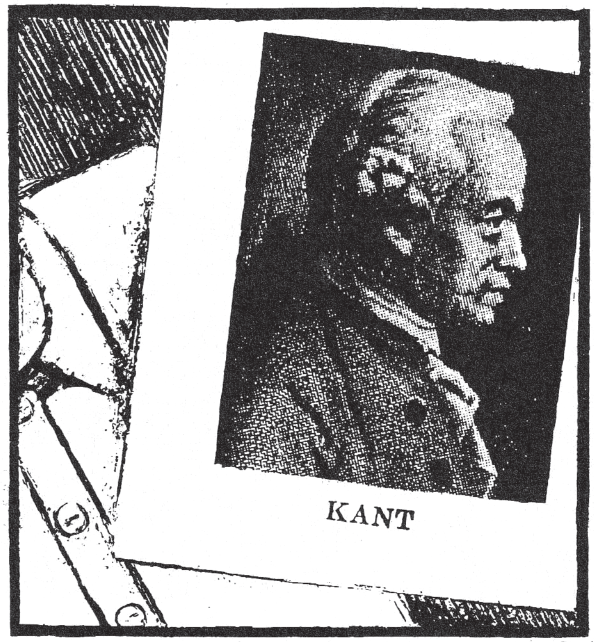


1. "Just the bare essentials", insisted the other one.
2."A comrade will come and fetch you, you and the German, and will bring you to Lyon station".
3. "There you'll find another comrade waiting for you. Follow him without a word, to the carriage he will indicate. And once you're on that train, remember not to talk to anybody". / **4.** How to decide if something was essential?

FRANK ERA SEDUTO DAVANTI ALLA SUA BORSA, PIENA ZEPPA DI LIBRI. FECE UN PACCHETTO CON UNA CAMICIA, UN CAMBIO DI INTIMO, PANTALONI, SAPONE E LAMETTA DA BARBA.



DOPO UN PO', PRESE UN'INCISIONE DALLA BORSA, LA CHIUSE E MISE QUELLA STAMPA TRA LE COSE INDISPENSABILI. ATTIRÒ LA MIA ATTENZIONE IL FATTO CHE SULLA BORSA NON COMPARISSE ALCUNA TARGA CON IL SUO NOME.



LA SUA TOSSE ED IL TICCHETTIO DELL'OROLOGIO MI STAVANO FACENDO PERDERE LA PAZIENZA.





IL TIPO CHE CI PORTÒ ALLA STAZIONE NON PROFERÌ UNA SOLA PAROLA.

1.Frank was sitting before his bag, full of books to the brim. He wrapped a shirt, some underwear, trousers, soap and a razorblade.
2. After a while he took an etching from his bag, closed it and put that print among his essentials. my attention was drawn to the fact that his bag did not bear any name plate.
3. His cough and the ticking of the watch were making me loose my temper.
4. Post office. / **5.** The guy taking us to the station did not say a single word.

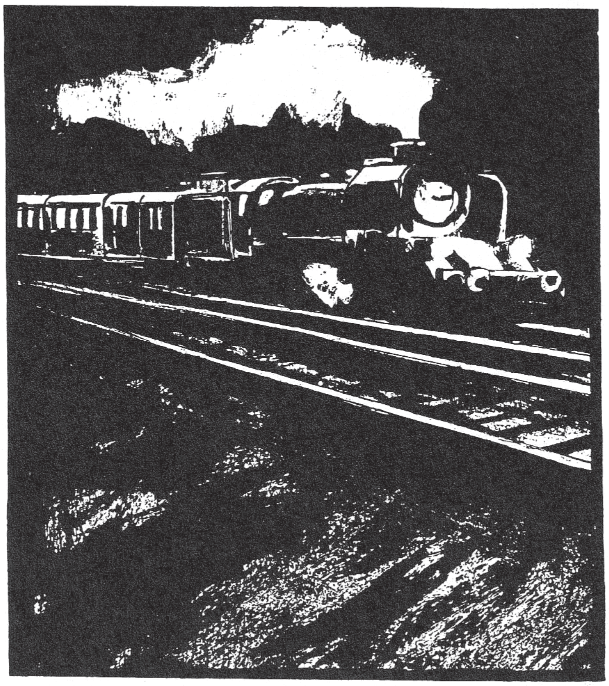
MENTRE ASPETTAVAMO L'UOMO DEL COMITATO, IO COMPRAI MELE E CIOCCOLATO.



HO VISTO SALIRE UN ALTRO UOMO, ANCHE LUI CON PICCOLI PACCHETTI AVVOLTI NELLA CARTA, NEI VAGONI DI TERZA CLASSE.



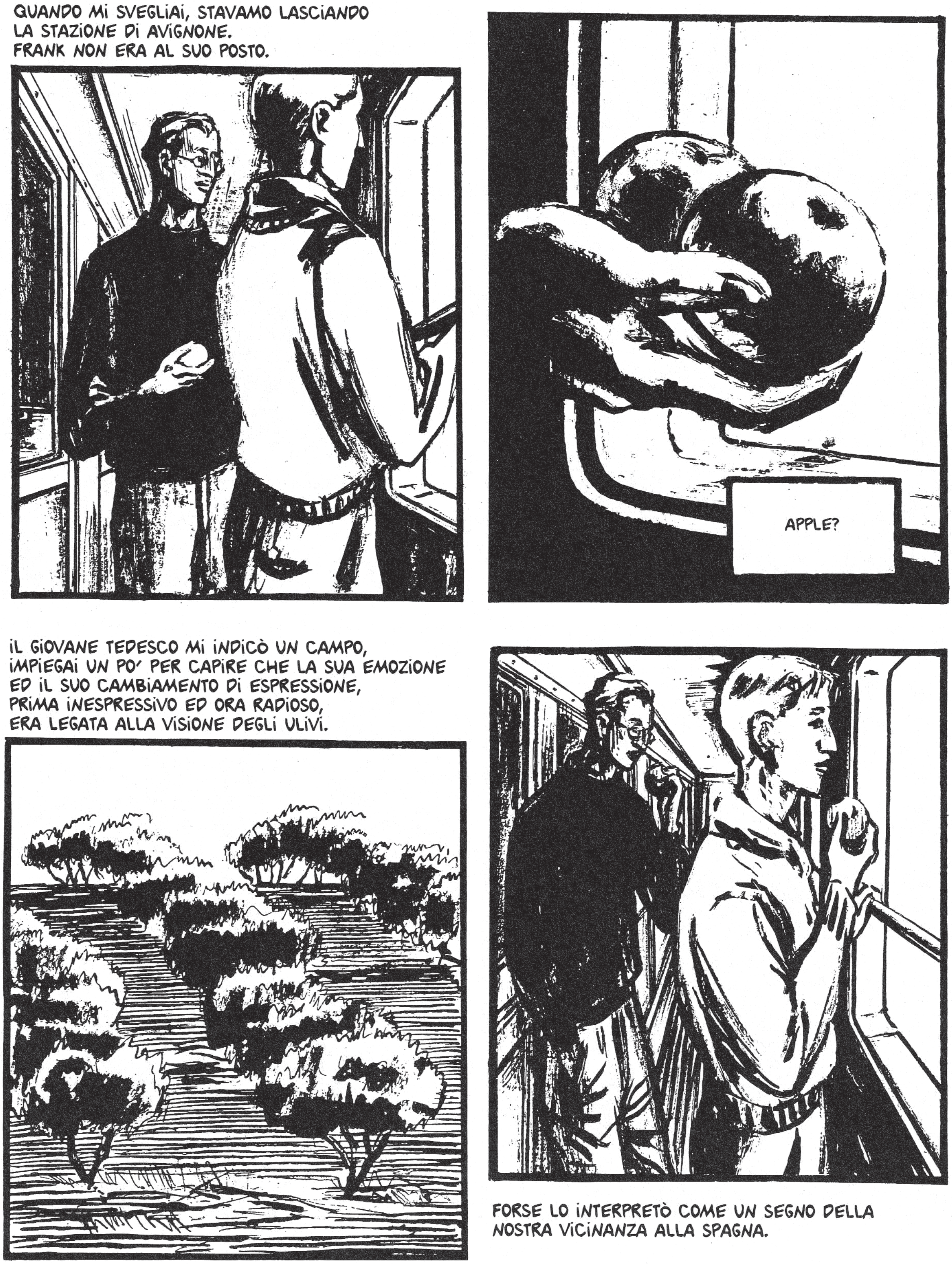
ALLE NOVE DI SERA, IL TRENO PARTIVA DA PARIGI. NELLO SCOMPARTIMENTO C'ERANO: UNA COPPIA DI CONTADINI, PROBABILMENTE MARITO E MOGLIE, UN PRETE, FRANK ED IO.



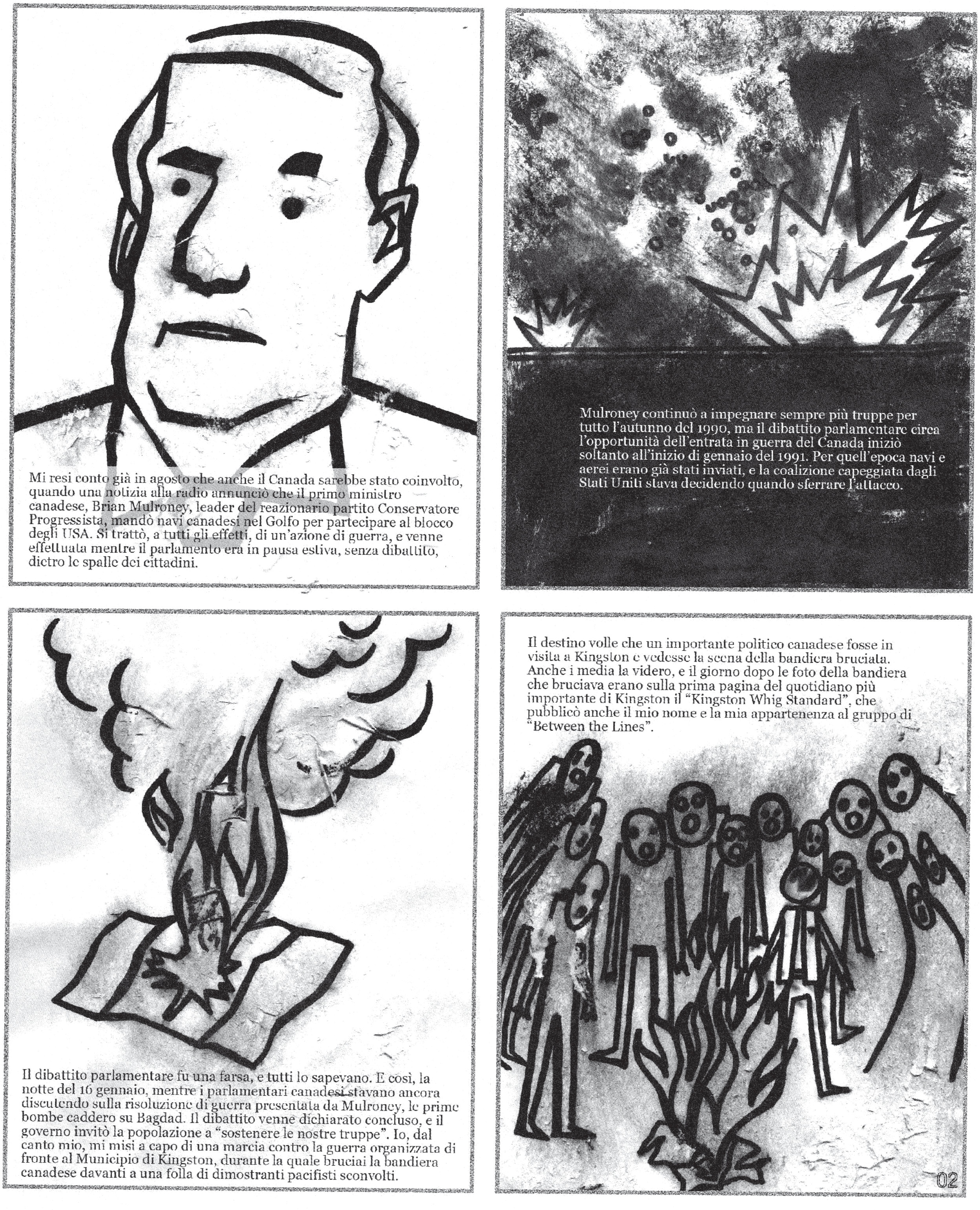
CERCAI DI ADDORMENTARMI, NONOSTANTE IL SEDILE DI CUOIO MOLTO DURO ED IL FREDDO CHE REGNAVA LÌ DENTRO.



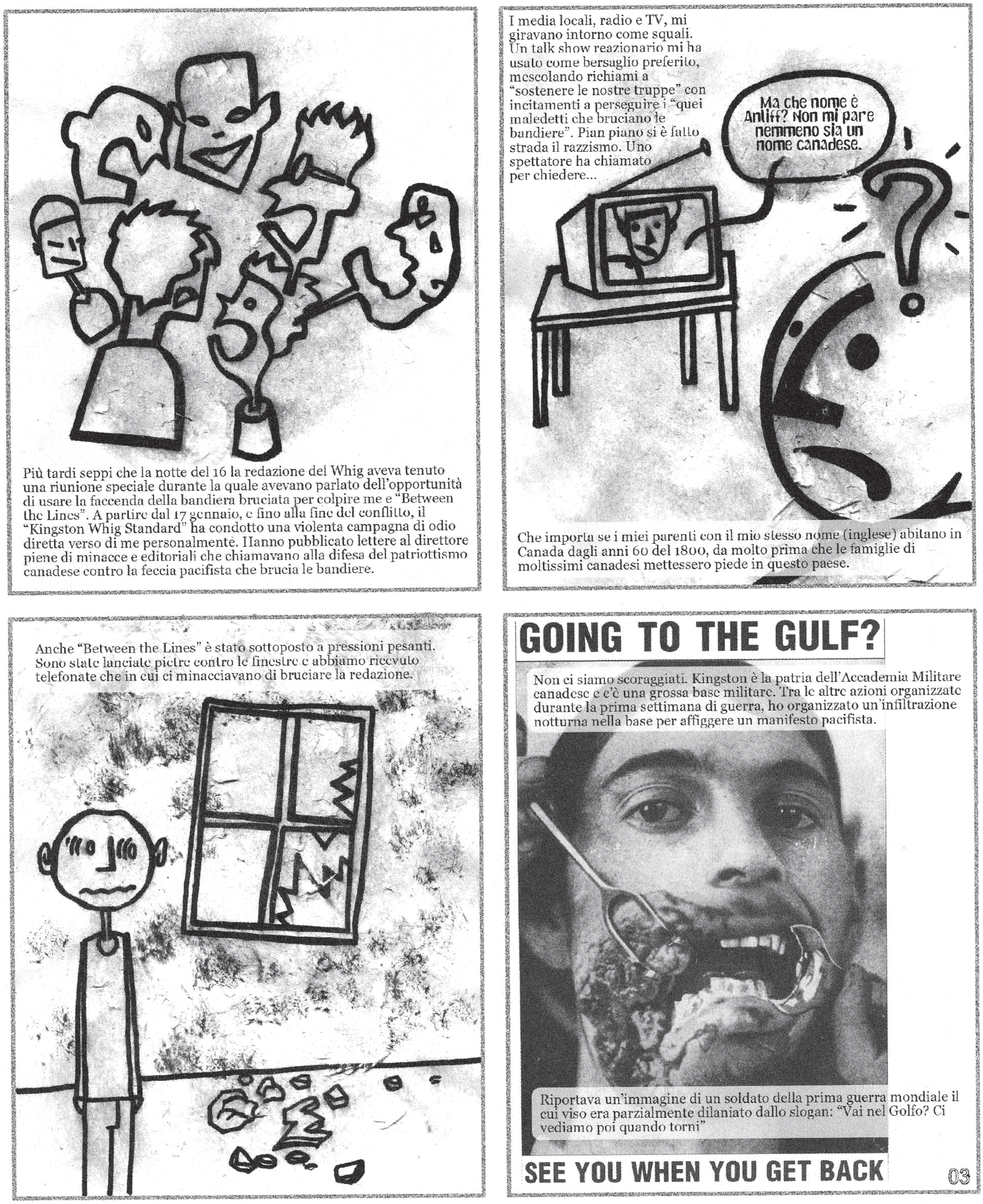
1. While I was waiting for the committee man, I bought apples and some chocolate.
2. I saw another man climb in, also carrying small parcels wrapped in paper, in the third class carriages.
3. At nine PM the train left Paris. In the compartment there were: a couple of peasants, probably husband and wife, a priest, Frank and I.
4. I tried to sleep, although the leather seat was very stiff and it was extremely cold inside there.



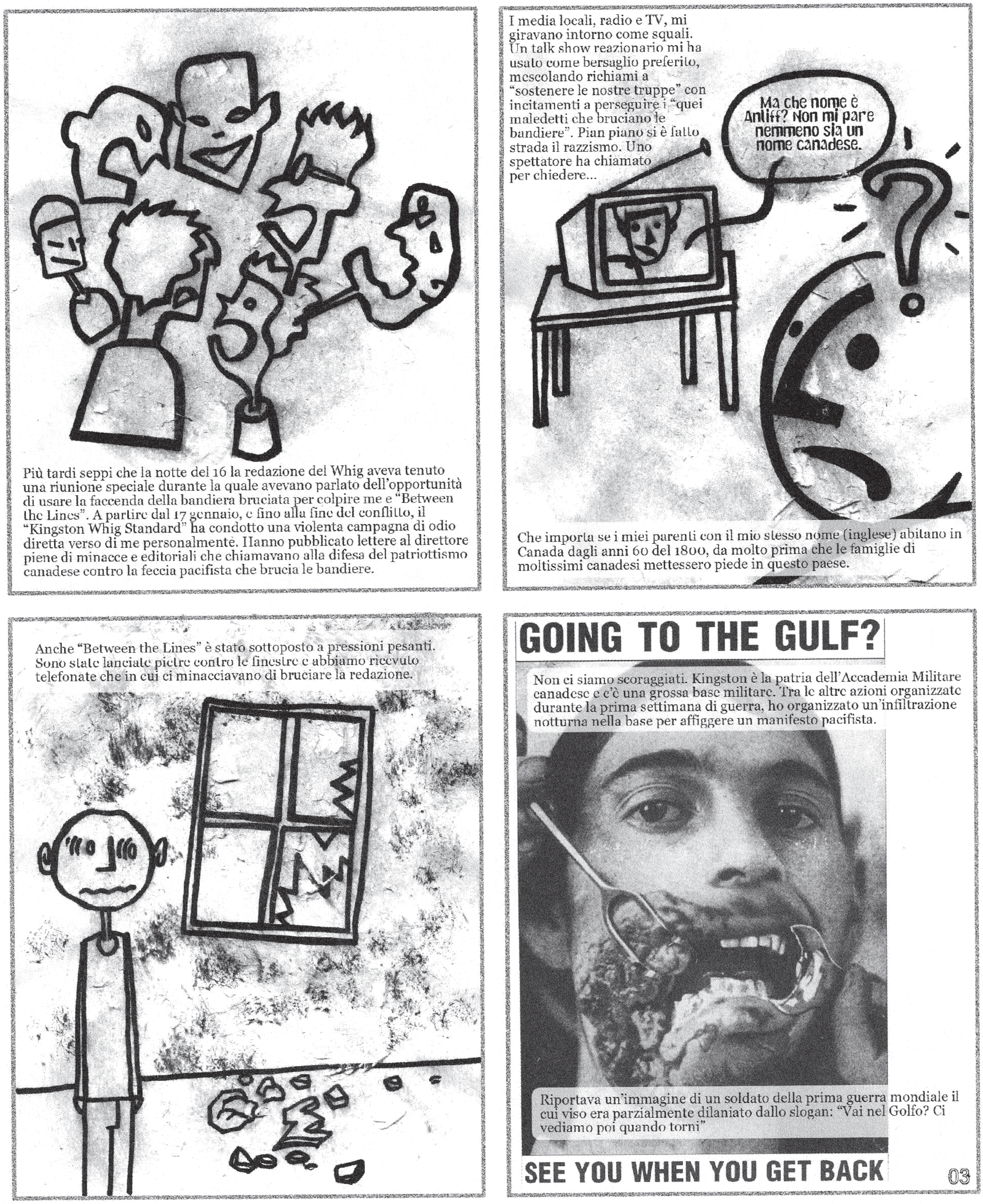
1. When I woke up, we were leaving Avignon station. Frank was not there. / **2.** Apple?
3. the young German pointed at a field, and it took me some time to realize that his emotion and the change in his expression, turning from blank to bright, was linked to the vision of olive trees. / **4.** Maybe it took it as a sign of us being now nearer to Spain.



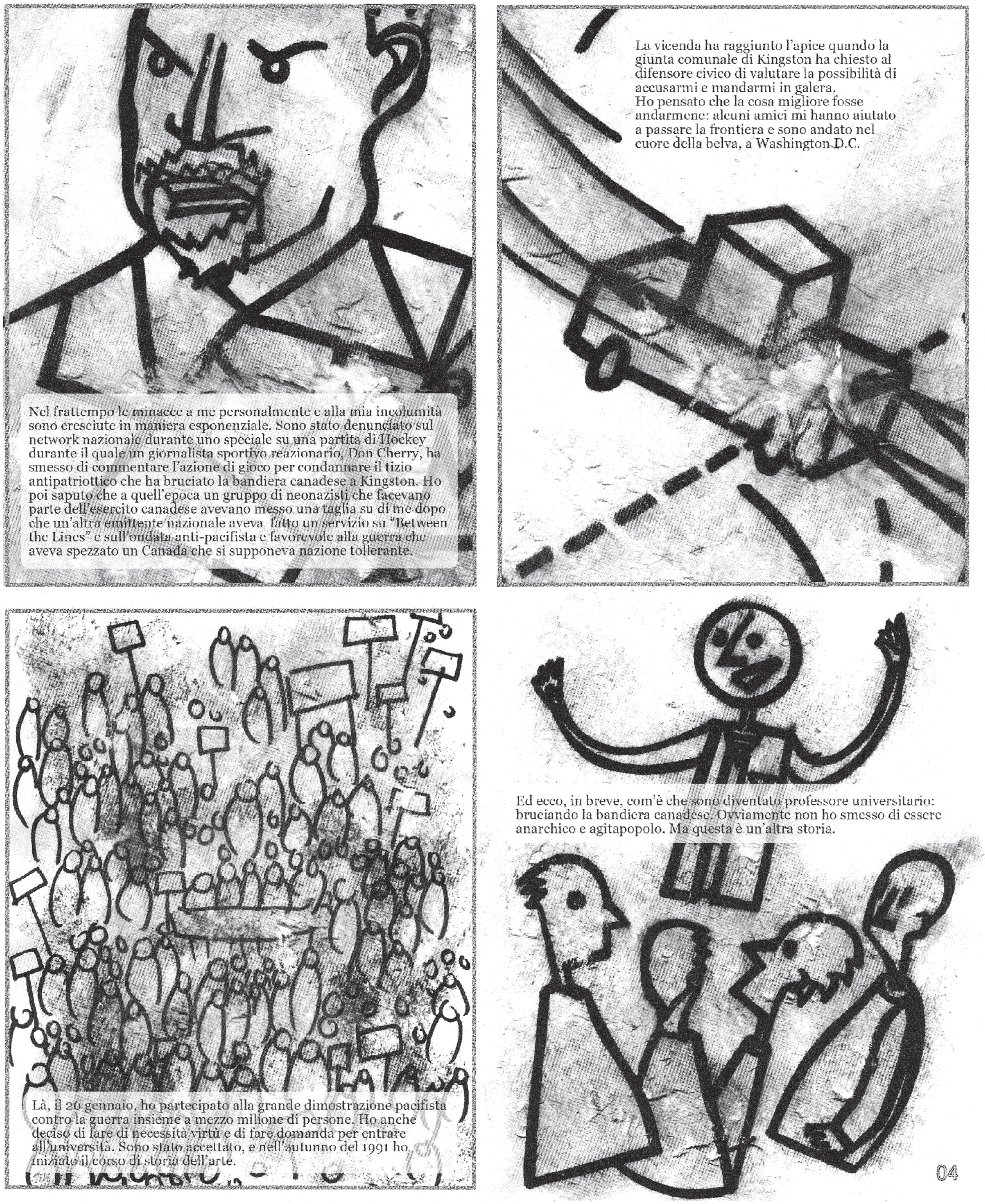
1. I first realized that Canada was going to be involved that August, when a radio news item announced that the Canadian Prime Minister, Brian Mulroney, leader of the reactionary Progressive Conservative party, had sent Canadian ships to the Gulf to participate in the US blockade. This, effectively, was an act of war, and it was done while Parliament was in summer recess, without any debate, behind the backs of the public. / **2.** Mulroney continued to commit more troops through the fall of 1990, but he didn't initiate a parliamentary debate on if Canada should go to war until early January, 1991. By then, ships and planes had already been deployed and the US-led coalition was poised to begin the attack. **3.** The debate was a farce and everyone knew it. And so, on the night of January 16th, Canadian parliamentarians were still discussing Mulroney's war resolution when bombs began falling on Bagdad. The debate was declared over and the government called on people to "rally behind our troops." As for me, I led an anti-war march down the main street of Kingston to City Hall, where I burned the Canadian flag before a crowd of stunned anti-war demonstrators. / **4.** As fate would have it, a prominent Canadian politician was then visiting Kingston and witnessed the flag burning. The media witnessed it too, and the next day photos of the flag burning were front page news in the daily mass-circulation Kingston Whig Standard newspaper, which also published my name and my affiliation with Between the Lines.



1. On the night of the 16th the editorial staff of the Whig had held a special meeting where they discussed using the flag burning to target myself and Between the Lines. From January 17th through to the end of the conflict, the Kingston Whig Standard lead the charge whipping up hatred towards me personally. They published threatening letters to the editor and ran editorials calling for the defense of Canadian patriotism against anti-war, flag-burning malcontents. / **2.** Local radio and TV media circled around me like sharks. A reactionary talk show host made me his favorite target, mixing calls to "support our troops" with proposals to go after "the god-damn flag burner." Racism crept into the picture. One caller asked "What kind of name is Antliff anyway--it doesn't even sound Canadian." Never mind that relatives bearing my (English) name had been in Canada since the 1860s, long before most people's families ever set foot on these shores. /**3.** Between the Lines was also subject to considerable pressures. Rocks were thrown through our windows and people phoned in threats to burn down our offices. / **4.** We didn't back down. Kingston is home to Canada's national Military College and a big military base is also located there. Among other actions during the first week of the war, I organized a night-time infiltration of the base to put up an anti-war poster. It featured an image of a World War One soldier whose face has been partially blasted off with the slogan, "Going to the Gulf? See You When You Get Back."



1. On the night of the 16th the editorial staff of the Whig had held a special meeting where they discussed using the flag burning to target myself and Between the Lines. From January 17th through to the end of the conflict, the Kingston Whig Standard lead the charge whipping up hatred towards me personally. They published threatening letters to the editor and ran editorials calling for the defense of Canadian patriotism against anti-war, flag-burning malcontents. / **2.** Local radio and TV media circled around me like sharks. A reactionary talk show host made me his favorite target, mixing calls to "support our troops" with proposals to go after "the god-damn flag burner." Racism crept into the picture. One caller asked "What kind of name is Antliff anyway--it doesn't even sound Canadian." Never mind that relatives bearing my (English) name had been in Canada since the 1860s, long before most people's families ever set foot on these shores. /**3.** Between the Lines was also subject to considerable pressures. Rocks were thrown through our windows and people phoned in threats to burn down our offices. / **4.** We didn't back down. Kingston is home to Canada's national Military College and a big military base is also located there. Among other actions during the first week of the war, I organized a night-time infiltration of the base to put up an anti-war poster. It featured an image of a World War One soldier whose face has been partially blasted off with the slogan, "Going to the Gulf? See You When You Get Back."



1. Meanwhile, threats to my personal safety continued to escalate. I was denounced on National TV during a Hockey Night in Canada broadcast, where a reactionary sports commentator, Don Cherry, took time out from analyzing the game to condemn the unpatriotic flag burner in Kingston. I would later learn that around this time a group of neo-Nazis in the Canadian military put abounty out on me after a national TV station ran a feature on Between the Lines and the pro-war viciousness permeating supposedly "tolerant" Canada.
2. Things came to a head when Kingston City Council instructed the City's lawyer to look into ways to have me to charged and thrown in jail. It was time to leave, and I was whisked by friends across the border to the heart of the beast, Washington, DC. / **3.** There, on January 26th, I participated in a massive anti-war demonstration.
I also took stock of my situation and decided to apply to graduate school. I was accepted and began a graduate program in art history in Fall, 1991.
4. And that, in short, is how I became a university professor--by burning the Canadian flag. Of course I haven't stopped being an anarchist or a rabble rouser. But that's another story.

allan antliff



Allan Antliff, ricercatore dell'Università di Victoria in Canada è l'autore di *Anarchist Modernism: Art, Politics and the First American Avant-Garde.*
Ha scritto diffusamente per la stampa anarchica. Al momento è collaboratore della Alternative Press Review e curatore artistico di Anarchist Studies.

Allan Antliff, Canada Research Chair, University of Victoria, is the author of *Anarchist Modernism: Art, Politics and the First American Avant-Garde.*
He has written extensively for the anarchist press and is currently a contributing editor to the Alternative Press Review and art editor of Anarchist Studies.

photo: Susan Simensky – Bietila

hannes pasqualini



Ha girato film, composto musica e passato lunghi anni della sua vita studiando cose complicate. Nonostante il consiglio di sua nonna, di tagliarsi i capelli e trovare un lavoro serio, decide di chiudere con tutto e di concentrarsi esclusivamente sulla creazione di narrativa illustrata per ragazzi, una decisione che lo porterà a diventare co-fondatore della rivista *Monipodio* e a disegnare storie a fumetti come *X_novo.* Il suo sito è facilmente consultabile all'indirizzo www.gasteropodica.net

He's shot films, composed music and spent long years of his life studying complicated matters. Despite his grandmother's advice to cut his hair and find a real job he decides to break up with everything and focus completely on the creation of illustrated juvenile narrative, a decision which eventually leads him to become a founding member of the comic-magazine *Monipodio* and draw some weird stories like *X_novo.* His homepage can be easily found at www.gasteropodica.net

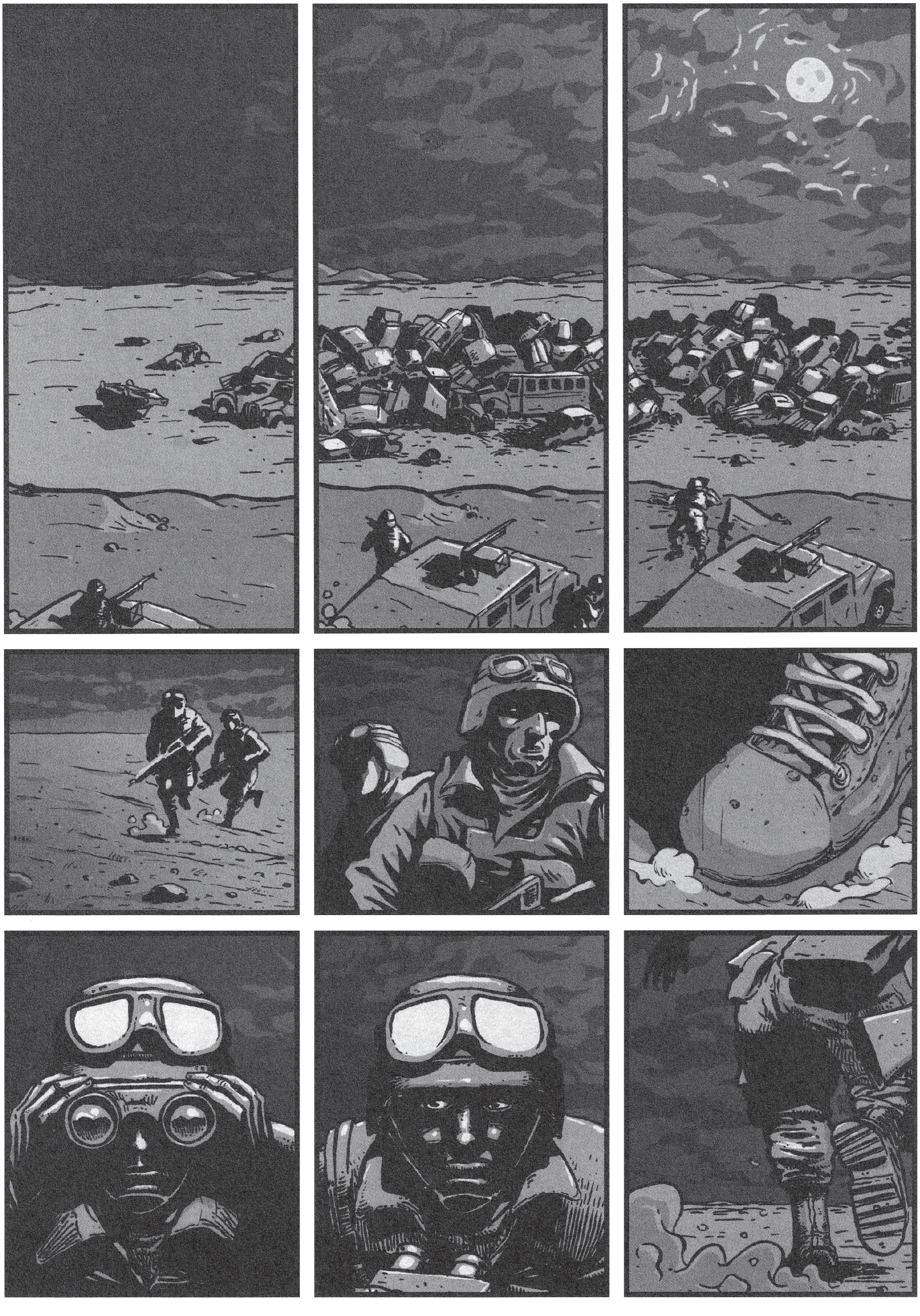
maya veselinovic

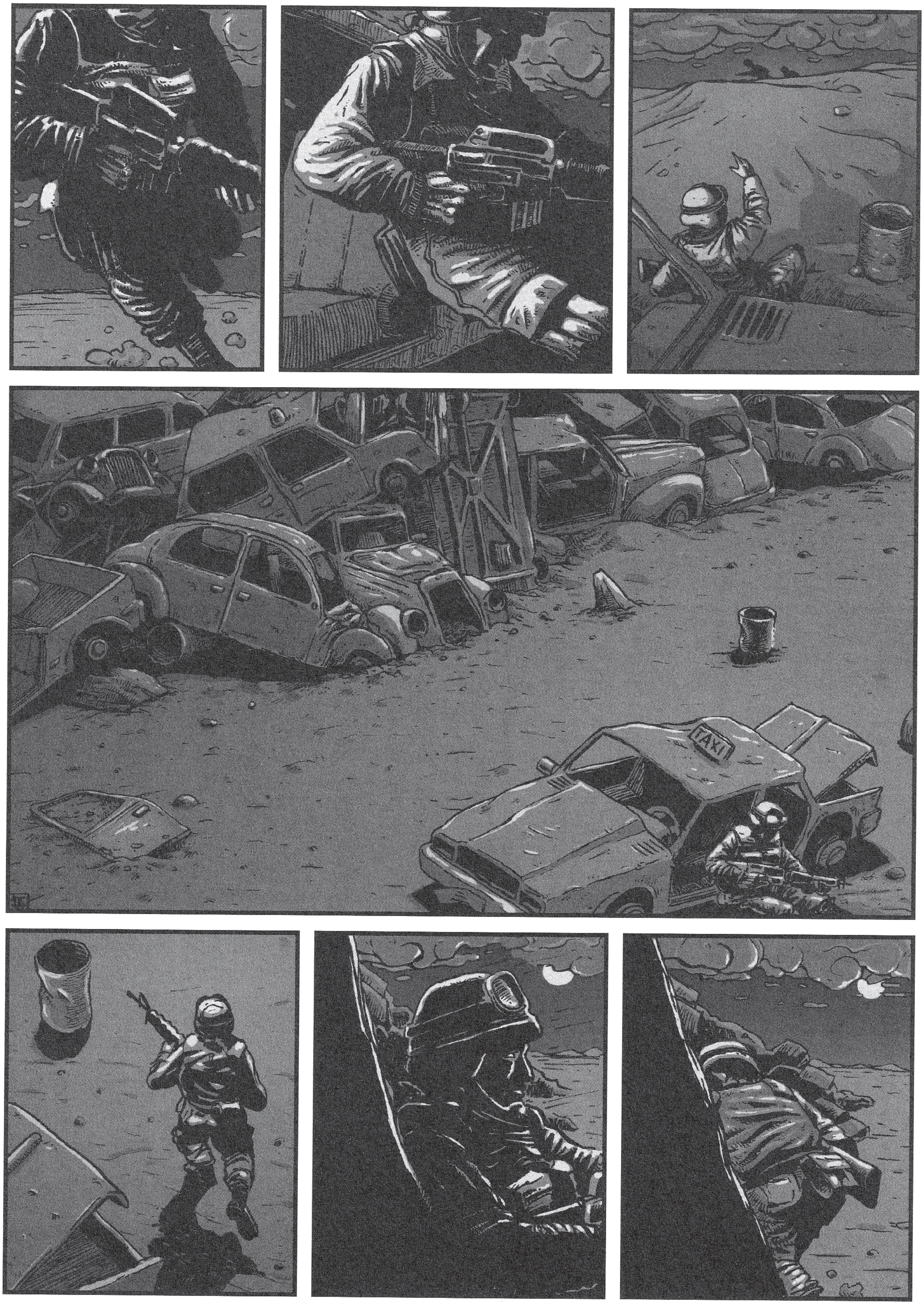


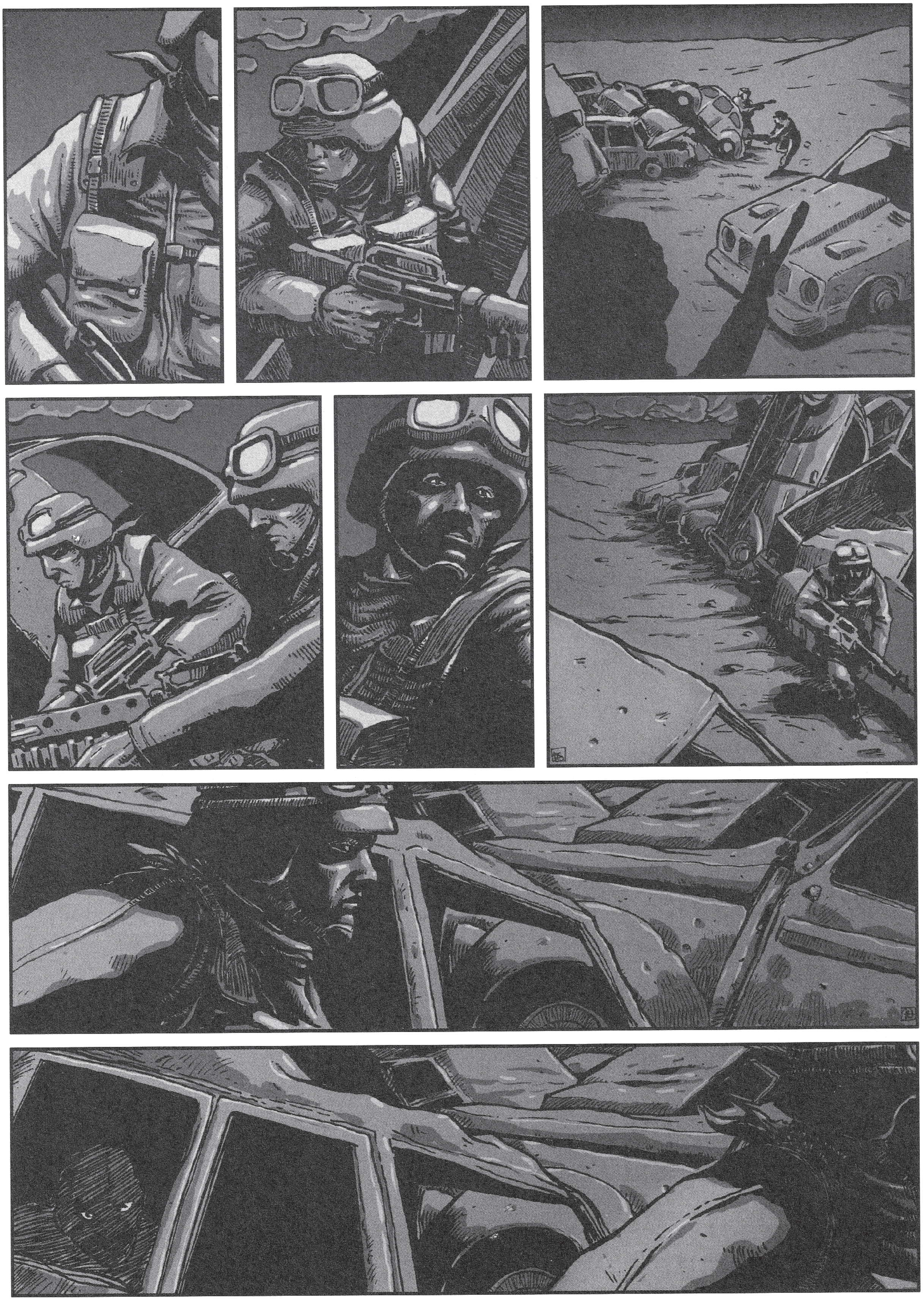
Vive a Belgrado, dove si è laureata alla Accademia di Belle Arti e dove attualmente è studentessa di graphic design alla facoltà di Design. Si occupa di fumetti e illustrazioni da 5 anni, i suoi lavori sono pubblicati su numerosi magazines di fumetti, fanzines e su diversi siti web di tutto il mondo. Ama principalmente disegnare gatti, ma ha anche una predilezione per i conigli. Ha vinto numerosi premi (soprattutto per i suoi gatti). Al Giovedi, è a Shlitz (Zipper) al laboratorio di fumetto. Il resto della settimana frequenta corsi di yoga e pilates.
Coltiva anche cactus con molto successo.
contact: maja_veselinovic@yahoo.com
maja@m-a-j-a.com || www.m-a-j-a.com

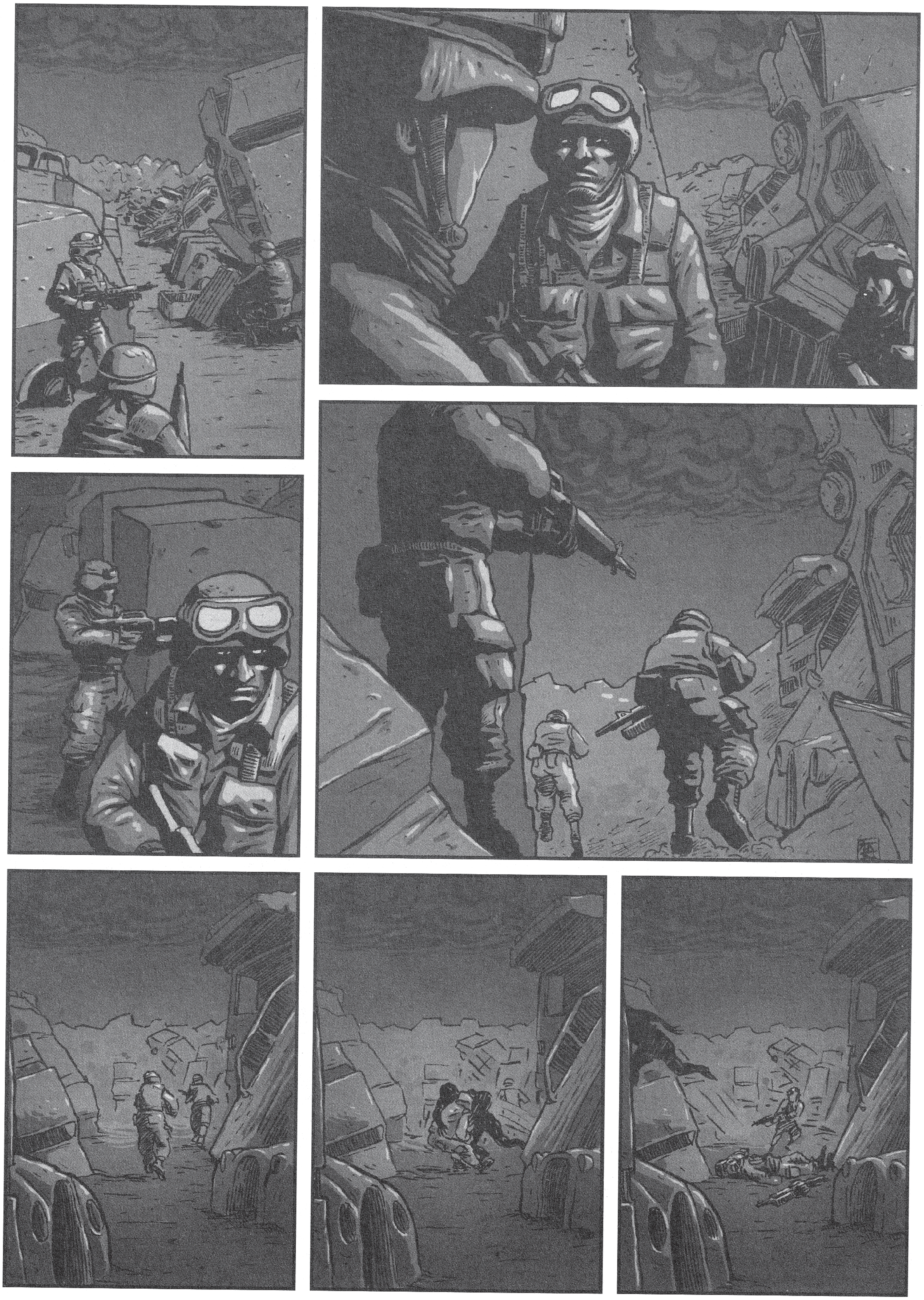
Lives in Belgrade, where she graduated from College of Fine and Applied Arts and currently she is student of graphic design at Faculty of Design in Belgrade.
She is engaged in comics and illustrations for last 5 years. Her works are published in many comic magazines, funzines and on several web sites around the globe. She likes to draw cats mostly, but rabbits are also one of her favorites. Until now, she won a lot of awards (mostly for cats). On Thursdays, she's at Shlitz (Zipper) comics workshop. The rest of the week - at pilates and yoga classes. She also grows cactuses very successfully.
contact: maja_veselinovic@yahoo.com
maja@m-a-j-a.com || www.m-a-j-a.com


THE SOLDIER
story and art: hannes pasqualini



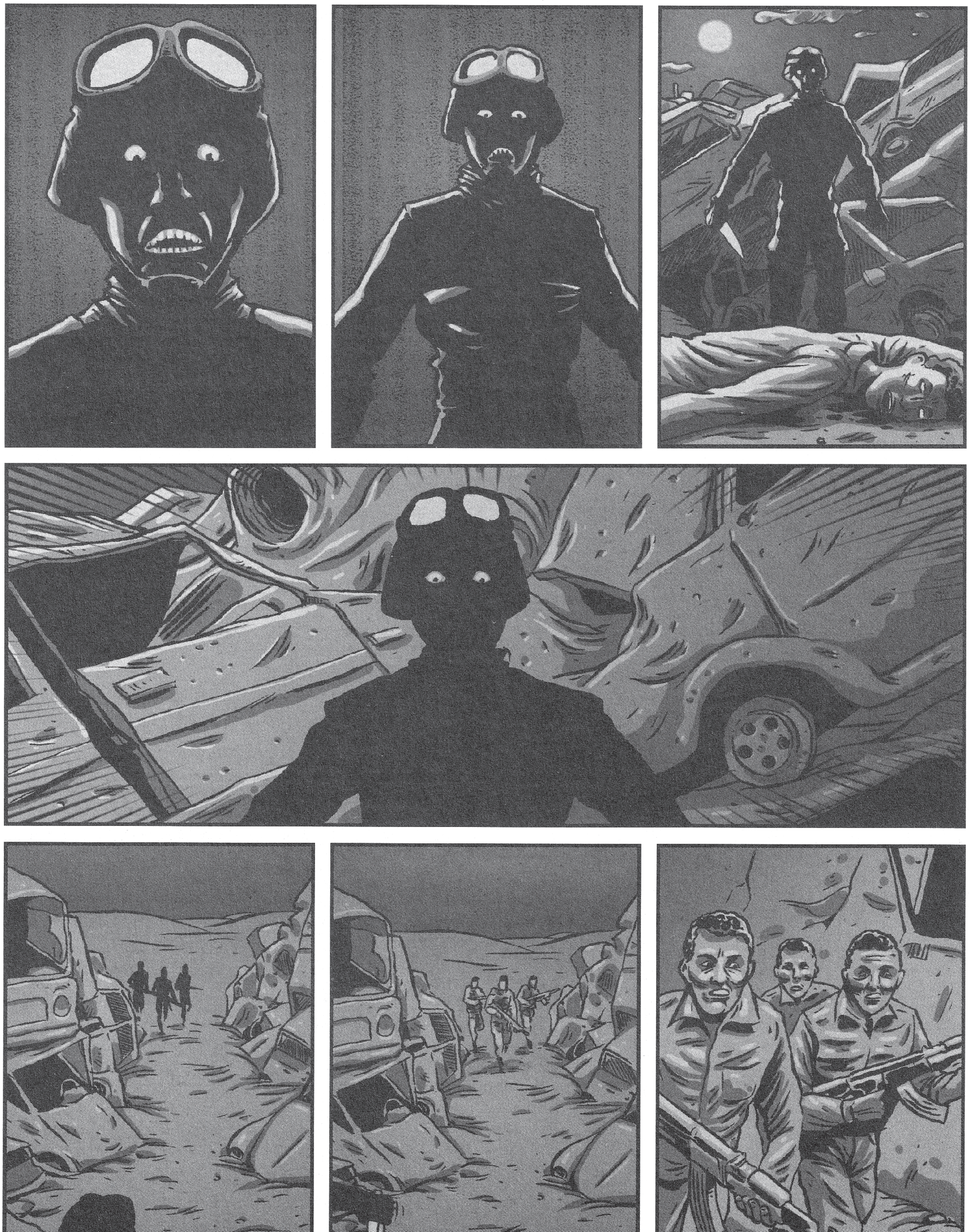

TAXI






TUM
TUM
TUM







OSWALD LOVED THAT MOUSE (NO MATTER WHAT) by Maya Veselinovic
1. Oswald's parents were complaining loudly, every day / **2.** *Terribile! He's reading about that mouse again!* / **3.** *Yes, yes terribile indeed...*
4 ...but Oswald couldn't care less. He loved that mouse, no matten what... / **5.** *Hey, Oswald, wake up!* / **6.** *Get up Oswald, I need your help...*
7. *Help?! From me?!* / **8.** *Here! Wear this* / **9.** *But...* / **10.** *No time to chat! Do as I told you...*

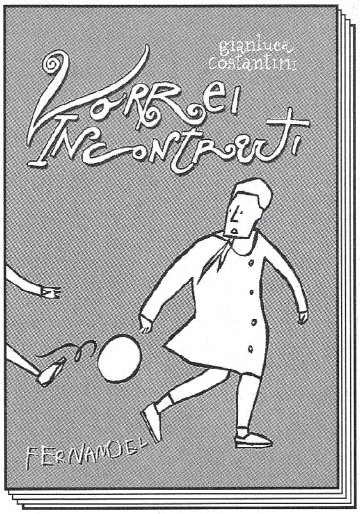


1...and so... *huh, at least it's streching* / **2.**..*but to wear this I need to make a change...* / **3** ...*and since I'm already cutting...*
4 ...*and some duct tape here ...huh... that's it!* / **5.** *Wow! Perfect! I'm a real mouse!* / **6.** *Hurry up, bunny boy!* / **7.** *Hey, I'm a mouse now!*
8. *Yeah, Yeah...whatever...* / **9.**..*all you have to do is ring the bell and give that letter to the person who openes the door! Got it?* / **10.** *Yes, yes!*
11. *Oh my, isn't it a cutest little bunny I ever saw?* / **12** ...*a bunny?*

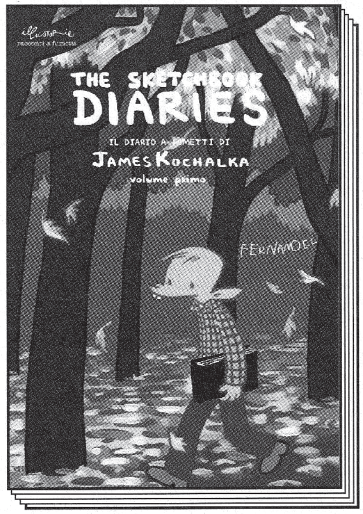


1.Hello honey bunny! Is that letter for me? / **2** …but I'm a mouse! / **3**…yeah, right… gimme that! / **4.** What a surprise! It's from Mickey!
5. DEAR MINNIE, I GIVE YOU THIS CUTE LITTLE BUNNY TO REMIND YOU OF ME WHILE I'M ON THE SECRET MISSION. I HOPE THIS FLUFFY CREATURE WILL BE A DECENT SUBSTITUTE YOURS, MICKEY / **6.** *Oh, Mickey is so caring! Isn't he bunny boy?* / **7.** *GRRR!* / **8.** *Can't you see, you stupid bich! I am a mouse* /
9 *…did you hear me?!! I'm a mouse… a mouse!!!* / **10.** *Oh no! Where did we go wrong!?* / **11.** *Don't worry dear… We can always make another one…*

illustorie
racconti a fumetti



GIANLUCA COSTANTINI, Vorrei incontrarti
128 pagine * 12,00 euro.



JAMES KOCHALKA, Sketchbook Diaries
volume primo * 192 pagine * 12,00 euro



PABLO ECHAURREN, Chiamatemi Pablo Ramone
128 pagine * 12,00 euro.

Ci si può abbonare a "Inguine Mah!gazine" in diversi modi:
1) Versando sul conto corrente postale n. 11859485 (intestato a Fernandel, via Col di Lana 23 - 48100 Ravenna) 15,00 euro (che è il costo di un abbonamento annuale a "Inguine MAH!gazine", costituito dai 3 numeri previsti nel corso dell'anno) specificando la causale, "abbonamento a Inguine".
Ricorda: l'abbonamento per l'estero costa 25,00 euro.
2) Con un bonifico bancario, effettuando il versamento
(15,00 o 25,00 euro a seconda se si tratti di abbonamento interno o estero) su:
Banca Popolare di Ravenna, Agenzia A, via Castel S. Pietro 28, Ravenna.
Coordinate bancarie: CIN: M ABI: 05640 CAB: 13108 c/c n. CC0080006468.
Coordinate bancarie (iban): IT94 CIN: M ABI: 05640 CAB: 13108
Conto: 000000006468 BIC: RAPOIT2B
3) Un'alternativa molto semplice è quella di spedire in busta chiusa i 15,00 o i 25,00 euro, all'indirizzo di Fernandel (via Col di Lana 23 - 48100 Ravenna)
4) Infine, possibilità valida solo per l'Italia, si può ricevere in contrassegno il primo numero utile della rivista, pagando al postino 17,00 euro
(il costo dell'abbonamento + 2,00 euro di spese postali).
Per altre informazioni: fernandel@fernandel.it

Subscriptions to "Inguine Mah!gazine", may be taken out in different ways, all entitling to a one year subscription (3 issues):
A) if you live in Italy: by paying 15,00 euro
1) with a transfer to the Italian post office checking account # 11859485
(to the name of Fernandel, via Col di Lana 23 - 48100 Ravenna - Italy);
2) with a bank transfer to Banca Popolare di Ravenna, Agenzia A, via Castel S. Pietro 28, Ravenna - Bank data: IBAN IT94; CIN M; ABI 05640; CAB 13108; account # 000000006468; BIC RAPOIT2B;
3) by very simply sending the 15 euro in cash in a closed envelope to Fernandel
(via Col di Lana 23 - 48100 Ravenna); or
4) by paying your subscription cash on delivery 17,00 euro
(15,00 + 2,00 of postal expenses) to the postman, on receipt of the first issue.
B) if you live outside Italy: by paying 25,00 euro
1) with a transfer to the Italian post office checking account # 11859485
(to the name of Fernandel, via Col di Lana 23 - 48100 Ravenna - Italy);
2) with a bank transfer to Banca Popolare di Ravenna, Agenzia A, via Castel S. Pietro 28, Ravenna - Bank data: IBAN IT94; CIN M; ABI 05640; CAB 13108; account # 000000006468; BIC RAPOIT2B;
3) by very simply sending the 25 euro in cash in a closed envelope to Fernandel
(via Col di Lana 23 - 48100 Ravenna).
For any other information: fernandel@fernandel.it

FERNANDEL
via Col di Lana, 23 - 48100 Ravenna
Tel./Fax 0544 401290
e-mail: fernandel@fernandel.it
web: www.fernandel.it

Finito di stampare
nel mese di marzo 2006
da Centro Stampa - Città di Castello (PG)

INGUINEMAH!GAZINE #09 - anno4 - 2006
Quadrimestrale in libreria / *Four-monthly magazine, distributed in bookshops*
48 pagine in b/n - 5 euro
Edizioni Fernandel - Via Col di Lana, 23 - 48100 Ravenna
Direttore Editoriale / *Editor in chief*: Giorgio Pozzi
Direttore Artistico / *Art director*: Gianluca Costantini - info@gianlucacostantini.com
Redazione / *Editorial staff*: Paper Resistance, Marco Lobietti, Elettra Stamboulis
Progetto grafico, realizzazione e lettering / *Design and lettering*:
RECREO per INGUINE PRESS - www.recreo.it
WebDesign: Manfred Regen - http://www.inguine.net - inguine@email.it
In collaborazione con Associazione Culturale Mirada
In cooperation with Mirada Cultural Association
Traduzioni / *Translation:*
Wostok: Elena Battista
Felipe H. Cava & Monique Brouillard: Alessia Benizzi, Elena Battista
Maja Veselinovic: Chiara Romanell
Hanno collaborato a questo numero / *contributors to this issue:*
Wostok, Felipe Hernadez Cava, Monique Brouillard, Maja Veselinovic, Hannes Pasqualini, Nicole Schulman, Allan Antliff

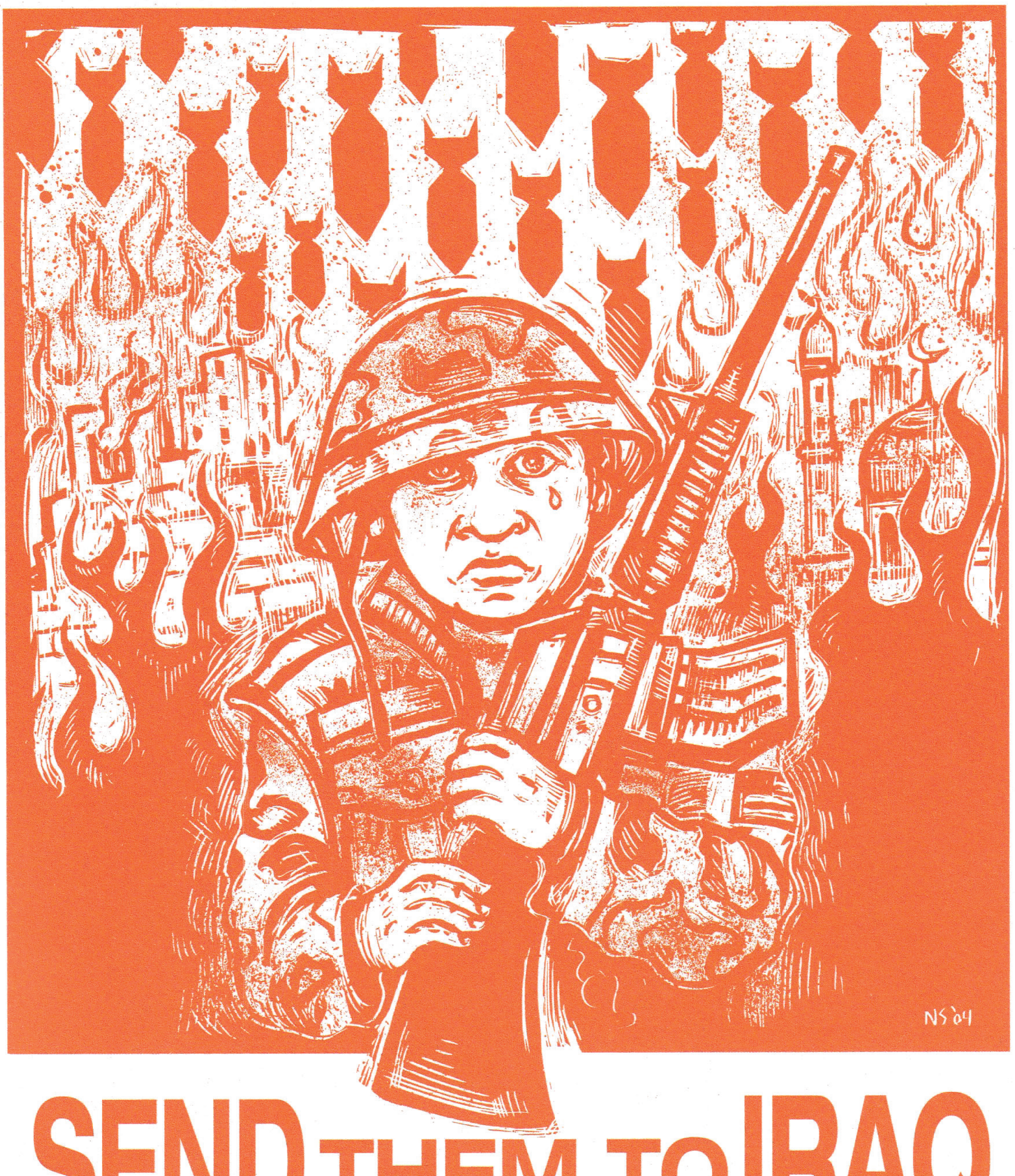
Ringraziamenti / *Thanks to*: Serena Simoni, Lisa Pancaldi, Resfest Roma, Festival Visionaria, Carlo Branzaglia, Nowhere.it, Design(Radar, Mega Distribuzione, Nda Distribuzione, Modo Infoshop/Interno 4 Bologna, Christian Del Monte, David Vecchiato, Girolamo Grammatico, Monipodio, Luisa Mortola, Laura Alemagna, Folletto 25603- Abbiategrasso (MI), Visualorgasm.de, Roberto Farina, Aleksandar Zograf, Jacklamotta, Michele Serra.

Autori pubblicati negli scorsi numeri / *authors published in the past issues*:
Aleksandar Zograf, Miguel Brieva, Blu, Alessandro Staffa, Julie Doucet, Arrington De Dyoniso, Giuseppe Palumbo, Wilma DRK, Chris Lanier, Max Andersson, Lars Sjunnesson, James Kochalka, Peter Kuper, Winston Smith, Michael McGrath, Oculart.it, Squaz, Nicole Schulman, Ace Farren Ford, Cubadust, Malleus, Marco Corona, Mauro Ceolin, Renèe French, Joe Sacco, Stefano Zattera, David Vecchiato, MAX, Paco Alcazar, Domestika.org, Davide Reviati, Eloy Rorrez, Danijel Zezelj, Allegra Corbo, Ericailcane, Angelo Mennillo, ||||||O, Emiliano Properzi, Phoebe Gloeckner, Nicole Schulman, Felipe H. Cava, Kamel Khélif, Tomaї Lavriă, Gabriele Gamberini, Santiago Sequeiros.

Cover: Paper Resistance
Inside cover: Nicole Schulman

RESPECT!

SAVE THE UNBORN!



SEND THEM TO IRAQ
THEN KILL'EM!



CINQUE EURO
ISBN 88-87433-67-4
9 788887 433678